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The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Mad Humor

THE minor humorist is developing in America. There seem to be more serious humorous writers than ever before. The popularity of the humorous column in the daily press has increased noticeably.

And we would add to these simple declarative sentences that a new brand of what has been called "cuckoo" humor has recently appeared. Of this type Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart and Mr. Robert C. Benchley are two exponents. Others have followed the green hues. There has been a great deal of talk about it as the true, the beautiful dada. One of its characteristics is what Mr. Gilbert Seldes refers to when he says in discussing [illegible] of Mr. "Buzz" Bates:

He is always [illegible] necessary [illegible] as if [illegible] and others [illegible] which [illegible] phenomena.

"Mad" humor should be taken [illegible] sense of [illegible] of humor. America's "crazy" [illegible] derive [illegible] book) [illegible] puts stock remarks concerning stock [illegible] the mouths of characters in quite [illegible] and lifts the *non sequitur* into the realm of [illegible] fantasy.

It seems to us that nonsense, sheer and [illegible] sheer, is getting much more popular. Mr. Seldes has been one of the most interested [illegible] for modern nonsense. His appreciation of Mr. Herriman's Krazy Kat, for instance, and of the pictorial nonsense in several other comic strips, has [illegible] opinion (which differs from Mr. Herriman's) [illegible] on a logical development [illegible] the

With the development [illegible] on under the influence [illegible] and the appearance of many experimental scopic novels, with the [illegible] of patterns, which seem to many more of words, it is not unnatural that [illegible] ting has undergone a sex change, strangeness have been injected into it. at it was yesterday, nor could it be [illegible]. The tempo is quicker and more [illegible] its forward fringes. A humorist like [illegible] rd carries on in an old tradition of kwoods philosophizing. A [illegible] rist fason continues the small [illegible] w[illegible] [illegible] Ade continues to [illegible] George Ade [illegible] pal columnists in the city pr[illegible] [illegible], along lines they [illegible]

But the [illegible] What big gags [illegible] hostages they may be [illegible] fusillade crackles as it [illegible] flashes here and there [illegible] do the echoes [illegible]. There are many [illegible] lot of laughs, [illegible] minor humorists. But the [illegible] derives proceed from a different view of life from that of our forefathers. We are not [illegible] of all the ages but of kinetoscopic existence in modern cities; and from the bewildering intricacy of life in modern cities has grown a new complex development of the senses. And our sense of humor, for one thing, has twisted and changed.

All this one may say in broad generalization. A more detailed discussion of the theme would take far too much space. We have indicated the growth of a new humor more akin to nonsense than of old, yet dipped in acid, colored with new coruscating hues. It is just beginning to develop.

Galley Slave

By VINCENT STARRETT

THEY keep him in a cage, each day, 'til five;
[illegible]
[illegible] say what his young ambitions were;
[illegible] catch a unicorn alive!
[illegible] his spoor and writes
[illegible]
[illegible] figures black and red,
[illegible]

[illegible] books,
[illegible] paid;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] end one's innings:
[illegible]

This Week

The Poetry of William Ellery Leonard. Reviewed by *Louis Untermeyer*.

"The Grand Heart." Reviewed by *Malcolm Cowley*.

"Fear Nein Else." Reviewed by *Amy Lowman*.

"Wild Geese." Reviewed by *Rebecca Lowrie*.

"The Aristocratic West." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates*.

"Aaron Burr." Reviewed by *Charles A. Beard*.

"Personalities and Reminiscences of the War." Reviewed by *Frank H. Simonds*.

"Steamboat Days." Reviewed by *Meade Minnigerode*.

Next Week

Christmas Book Number

Time, Tides, and Taste. By *John Galsworthy*.

The Significance of Plato. By *Count Hermann Keyserling*

Third Volume of Page Letters. Reviewed by *Bainbridge Colby*

The Waxworks. A Poem by *John Freeman*

"Thunder on the Left." Reviewed by *Leonard Bacon*.

"Manhattan Transfer." Reviewed by *Sinclair Lewis*.

Two Women Mystics: Edith Sitwell and Nathalia Crane. By *Louis Untermeyer*

Published by Time Incorporated,
Publishers of TIME,
The Weekly News-Magazine

Montaigne*

By ARTHUR COLTON.

IN MARCH 1571, Montaigne found himself retired from public life to his estate and his tower library, on whose walls can still be deciphered the inscription stating his resolution to pass the remainder of his days there with the "learned virgins," the nine muses, in leisurely tranquillity. The habit of culling anecdotes from Greek and Latin authors, and adding reflections of his own, was not, presumably, acquired at that date, but grew with the newly acquired long hours of a country life.

The Essays as they stand are a personal confession, and a treatise on morals or the philosophy of life, intermingled with very casual and unsystematic table talk. The first edition in two books appeared in 1580. The edition of 1588 contained a third book and extensive additions to many of the essays, but little in the way of anecdote or quotation. Essays such as "Of Sorrow" represent the original note book and anecdotal habit. It is all anecdotes and quotations, and all but one of each from the classics. Essays such as "Of Experience" represent the more confessional, the more creative, the profounder, and more thoughtful ways into which he grew. It is nearly all from the experience of Montaigne. One is naturally puzzled by essays which often enough have very little connection with their respective titles,—or indeed seem not to be properly about any one particular subject—as well as by Montaigne's description of his own desultory habits; and being thus misled, one is naturally surprised to learn or discover that "The Essays" is a book with a plan and a theory. Both the plan and the theory, however, developed only as the years went by and the manuscripts grew under his hand. He gives various reasons for writing, but the two probable reasons he does not seem to have mentioned; first, that, as Faguet has said, he read enormously, and one cannot do that if one is intelligent without thinking a good deal and writing somewhat; second, that he liked to write, and to write well, as the great Latins wrote well. He caught from them a taste for style.

The theory was that every man contains in himself all the essentials, the *maitresse forme*, of all humanity. Hence the complete portrayal of any one person would also represent the genus *homo*. Montaigne would attempt the complete portrayal of the man whom he knows best—being on that subject "the most learned man alive"—and by this confession achieve a treatise on humanity. It is unsystematic, non-consecutive, casual, anecdotal, shifting, doubtful of its way and of the validity of any conclusion? So is humanity. The book is "consubstantial with its author." But it is objected that all men are not like Montaigne, and no portrait of Montaigne can so fully represent humanity. The *maitresse forme* is pure fancy. Montaigne admits it. At least the theory was imperfect, like everything else. But surely none had ever written such a book before. Who had ever taken such pains to be learned on the subject of himself, or made such record of the anatomy of his inner self? At least there was some truth in the theory.

In fact, there was some truth in the theory. The Essays are not only full of Montaigne

*THE ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE. Translated by GEORGE B. IVES. Introductions by GRACE NORTON. Cambridge. Harvard University Press. 1925. $25.

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and very like him, but of humanity, and curiously like it. A man begins by annotating his reading; he puts down what occurs to him, and finds that his comments gravitate to himself, to his experiences, and so to reflection on human life and the characteristics of mankind. As soon as he had discovered the unintended unity of it all and what kind of a book he is writing, from that point on it may be said to be the kind of book he intends to write. It is not quite true that he only studied and portrayed himself. He had an intense curiosity about mankind, contemporary or historic, and studied it constantly, in books, in travelling, in his family and neighbors, in city and court and country. So that his book was desultory in method and detail, but unified in result and in resultant intention. It is archaic and yet modern. Its modernism is perennial. (There *is* something in the theory). Its most apparent archaism, apart from archaic French, is the degree of its intimate relation to Latin literature.

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In the Sixteenth century a Latin quotation had a corroborative weight, an illustrative glow, which time and a changed outlook have appreciably lessened. To this changed outlook it appears like a curious obsession. When Montaigne, after some keen and characteristic remark, adds a line or two of relatively commonplace from a Latin poet, which says something in a similar neighborhood, it apparently seems to him that he has sharpened his point; whereas he seems to us to have dulled it. But it does us this service; it revives the memory of that thrilling episode in the mental story of humanity, the rediscovery of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." The words of a kindred soul come by wireless across fifteen centuries with a peculiar significance, especially when the ages between and the thoughts of those who inhabited those ages are grown estranged and repellant. To the humanist of the renaissance those fifteen centuries were in the main a gulf full of cloud and obstruction, futile and chaotic; and now beyond had become discernible and even familiar a great age of men like himself; but larger men, wiser, more candid and clear-eyed, who thought not as monks and schoolmen, nor looked at things in , but saw and thought and spoke as elf, or wanted to. The "ancients" m modern. It was the men between them and himself who seem old and foredone. The accents of the great age fell like rain on the desert. Life again became worth while; for since such men had been, they might be again.

Montaigne did not know enough Greek not to prefer a translation, and read his Plutarch in Amyot's rendering. But Latin he knew before he knew French. It was an inviolable rule in his father's house that nothing but Latin should be spoken in the child's presence. "I was six years old before I understood more of French or Perigordin than I did of Arabic." Latin was his native tongue, and for this reason there probably were few, even among the renaissance humanists, to whom the Latin classics could come so close.

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Between Montaigne and ourselves there lies no such distance and intervening gulf. The country is all relatively level and habitable to our minds. And yet in a way Montaigne is more modern than Pascal or Rousseau or Hugo. The religious doctrinaires of the seventeenth century, the political doctrinaires of the eighteenth, the sentimental romantics of the nineteenth, their garments are faded, their faiths are not ours; and Montaigne seems to us more human, more wise, closer to our own point of view. He might be a twentieth century thinker criticizing the prejudices and illusions of the nineteenth. Hark to him! "Opinions! they are like the clothes we wear, which warm us not with their heat but with ours". Or to take something a little more startling "It is difficult to believe in repentance for sins which are natural to us, which being the result of our temperament we commit frequently and deliberately."

Dowden complained that Montaigne "would divide the soul into two separate compartments—the compartment of reason and the compartment

—Montaigne the moralist walks on the earth, his faith floats aloft in a ttached to the ground by a sure but ord." And Dowden thought this an arrangement: "Montaigne suffers vertigo he gets into the balloon, and his faith is something of a decorative romance."

It might be better to say that there were, figuratively speaking, two windows in his tower library, and over the eastern one he usually kept the curtain drawn, remarking in substance, "Undoubtedly there is something beyond out there, but as I cannot make head or tail of it myself I prefer to leave it altogether to a venerable authority, which I am in no position to dispute. One must make the best of one's own nature, if it happens that the other window is the only one whose prospect I can understand and make useful". His apology for Reymond de Sebonde takes away the substance of Sebonde's argument. Whatever might be seen through the eastern window by those gifted to that vision, he did think as Sebonde thought, that there was a prospect of the celestial city visible to the west. He was not St. Augustine or Pascal, but he knew himself better than most men do, and looked at himself with more candid eyes. Moreover is there not something of this separation in the nature of things? If the two outlooks are the products of different faculties, or reached by different paths; if there is a tendency nowadays to think so, and feel that the presence of the two in the same moment always warps one, if not both, of the two vistas from its natural perspective; if so, it would seem to be another illustration that Montaigne is extraordinarily modern. He is more modern than Dowden, at least more candid in his language.

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Curiously modern are his ideas on education and social relations. He likes his children to be free and on even terms with himself; his guests to be free as their host, each to follow his own fashion: "I will sit musing and self involved without offence—I have often seen men more uncivil by over civility and troublesome in their courtesy." Barring the archaisms many a page might have been written by Renan or France, the same tolerance and disillusion, and love of life and doubt of all knowledge except the knowledge that truth cannot be fixed in formulas.

"There have been men", wrote Emerson, "with deeper insight; but one would say, never a man with such abundance of thoughts; he is never dull, never insincere." "The abundance of thought," the ranging but not brooding mind, the frank confession, the love of anecdote; the comfortable graceful style which is yet vivid and virile, simple and unpretentious, never self-conscious or artificial; the charm of Montaigne can never grow old. He is nearer to the imagination than essayists who are nearer in time.

And this is a special justification for a new translation. There has been no scholarly edition of Montaigne in English before the present fortunate year. Even aside from the errors of the only two translations existing previously—the sixteenth century Florio, and the seventeenth century Cotton—it is better to read Montaigne in modern English. Cotton is only somewhat less old fashioned than Florio. He, too, antedates the early eighteenth century, when modern English prose took shape. Montaigne's prose is as easy and clear as Addison's, but the English of Florio and even of Cotton, and their English contemporaries, had not yet achieved that ease and clarity. By reading Montaigne in the good English of the Ives translation one comes nearer to his style as it seemed to himself and his contemporaries, undistracted by the sense of unfamiliar idioms, looking at the man as nearly through plain glass as the case permits.

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Like the great English essayist who was nearly or in part his contemporary Montaigne is both a radical and a conservative. The mind of Bacon was more powerful and peculiar, but the bulk of its force was not given to literature. Their parallels and divergences would be a tempting subject, but probably with result. The renaissance mind was fr ny a subsequent scruple. Looking at ough window glass relatively clear, and ough stained glass emotionally colored—these seem the alternating fashions of successive eras. renaissance reacted against mediæval mysticism, th eighteenth century against all of the seventeenth warring creeds. The twentieth century should develop some resemblances to the eighteenth nd sixteenth centuries. Like the sixteenth century it should want its thinking to be not too scrupulous of results.

Both Bacon and Montaigne were believ consecutive and institutional society. of Rousseau are to be found in Montaig are even ideas floating speculatively the only reappeared again much later than I Most French thinkers have fed more or Montaigne's varied and incongruous past found there ideas very radical then; some are radical even now; but they were sp in him, undogmatic, unheated of co Bacon's radicalism dwelt wholly in lectual and scientific regions, and consisted in ideas that came to him out through his western window.

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The appearance of this new trans. something of an event, not only be two hundred and fifty years since its last pre cessor, nor only because of the excellence of I Ives's rendering and Miss Norton's masterly in ductions. It has another distinction still. B the Florio and Cotton translations were from *text of the posthumous edition of 1595.* I Ives has used the text of the new Edition Mun pale published by the city of Bordeaux, whicl made from a copy of the 1588 edition known the "Bordeaux copy." It was used by M taigne for preparing the next edition and is bl with his marginals and interlinears. But he *in 1592. Most of the numerous additions of* 1595 editions are proved by this copy to be M taigne's. But that edition contains a number of additions not in th They also may be Monta suspicion and some evidence tha em not, and French scholarship now regards the B deaux copy as a more authentic text that the 1 edition.

"Professor's Poetry"

TUTANKHAMEN AND AFTER. By W LIAM ELLERY LEONARD. B. W. Huebsch Viking press. 1924.

TWO LIVES. By WILLIAM ELI "Privately Printed as Manuscri B. W. Huebsch—Viking Pr

POEMS. By CHARLTON MIL Haven: Yale University Pres

Reviewed by LOUIS UN

SOME months ago, in an ad bitter confrère, Mr. Max pleading for a more intellec in distinction to merely sensuous generous (*sic!*) paragraph to th professor as poet. As I watch shooting a series of adjectival h lay figures it seemed to me a pit choose a different or at least a new For, ever since the days of the Mencken's first berserker onslau teachers have become the poor vaudevillian; wherever a sm eeded in otherwise dull review, a r the writ of B. F. Nordick, M Western Res University, would be s f. And if re ence could be made t ssor who happ to publish serious lyrica not even the hir land of Brooklyn, the s listance in near-l and the tempo of Ph a could be cou a better laugh-provoke

It is time to cease versifying profe as hokum. His aver ccesses and failu taking one considerat another, is just same as any other m many instances higher. There are, t o the exhibits at h few exponents of an school who write a firmer restraint more sonority t William Ellery Leo he only objection feature of Mr. Leor st volume, ("Tut hamen and After") urb which accompa

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it. It is straining the very
ment to say that the merely
Shakespeare "do the bard sup
beauty." Nor, allowing for
preference for his latest colle
representative volume." Go
tion can be claimed neither b
by the earlier, more expan
Man," but by "Two Lives
using a chain of sonnets
one else would employ
form, is both personal and
poem that is a simple, mov
almost overpowering sense of
iniscent of Richard Dehme
Leonard's work is in no se
the title hints at surface simi
singer has been forced to let his emotion pour itself out in an interruption of lyrical ballads where the American poet has held his intensity within the compressed lines of his structure.

It is, at least for this reviewer, a definite descent to the more scattered pieces of "Tutankhamen." The title poem is an ambitious attempt to picture the continuity of man's life in three pages but in spite of a few felicitous phrases, it is prosy. The concluding section, "Wars," is noticeably "dated." But the shorter verses—particularly "The Wife," "Flight of Crows," and "Indian Summer" (the high point of this collection)—give the lie to the glib charge of professional pedantry. Whatever faults may be found in Leonard's verse, it is never pallid.

The collected poems of Charlton Lewis reveal a less fiery but equally definite personality. Grace was Professor Lewis's note; a delicate flavor spiced with humor characterizes this posthumous volume. A few of the earlier verses could have been spared, although Henry A. Beer's Foreword gives sufficient reason for their inclusion. Had Lewis lived. . . . But such speculations are as unsafe as they are futile. Here is his tithe of creation, too slender for criticism yet not too trivial for praise.

Cocteau's First Novel

THE GRAND ECART. By JEAN COCTEAU. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by MALCOLM COWLEY

THIS novel is the first which Cocteau wrote, and the second of his books which Lewis Galantière has translated. Concerning the quality of these translations, there has been much discussion. People have pointed out, quite justly, that to speak of Saint-Eugene as "the Back Bay of Algiers" is hardly an exact rendering of Cocteau's phrase. Nor is "Pa Râteau" the English of *Père Râteau*. Still, there is life in Mr. Galantière's expressions, and his work in general is so far above the average that, until the day when other translators are forced to acknowledge their more grievous blunders, he should receive nothing but praise.

As for the novel itself, "The Grand Ecart" is far superior to "Thomas the Impostor." The style of the two is similar; there is the same wit, the same exaggerated metaphor; but in the former volume the characters have the trick of coming alive. Germaine especially; she is a common type in Paris; a kept woman who works in the theater with a sense of sacrifice, as if she were paying a tax to her reputation. One might call her utterly depraved. Still, depravity implies a fall from a brighter state of morals, and in the case of Germaine the past was even blacker than the present. It would be more exact to speak of unmorality, and to add that unmorality of her sort is more dangerous than the immorality with which it is always contrasted, for she could steal, murder, or break a heart without marring her perfect complexion, without the least consciousness of doing wrong.

When Jacques Forestier fell in love with her, it was like a fall into the sort of abyss which can only be found in an opium dream. He had been candid and ingenuous. Now he learned how to lie to her "old man"—the Egyptian financier who paid the bills—to meet hop-heads, snow-birds, and perverted creatures of both sexes, and to speak with them as equals. Germaine got rid of him. The cure was violent as the disease; he attempted suicide, and was saved only by the dishonesty of the barman, who sold him a drug of inferior quality.

It is a fascinating novel. If Cocteau and his friends would cease to make their exaggerated claims of genius, one could praise the book wholeheartedly. As it is, one cannot fail to remark that the sensitivity and fancy which are his distinguishing features are not the qualities of genius. They belong to a minor poet, a poet of the *Paris-la-Nuit* which has only two dimensions; or, if it possesses any depth at all, might be compared to the parchment stretched across a drum—resounding, fierce, and hollow.

Manners and Mores

QUEST. By KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $2.

WITH her new novel "Quest," Katharine Newlin Burt definitely steps out of the adventure story class in which her earlier books, "The Branding Iron" and "Snow-Blind" had placed her. In this new volume she gives us a sincere study of manners and mores in the Catskill country during the last fifty years. There is a sense of the land in it, a feeling for the earth and its growing things which is for the most part lacking in American literature and which so enriches that of England. One gets the "feel" of the places she describes:

> The sober workmanlike team shook their heads and started with a certain eagerness for home; the dust flew up from the narrow metal-rimmed wheels; the smell of the church grounds, turfy and warm, merged into the smell of the leafy, dusty village street, of dinners preparing to right and left in the pleasant small houses. . . . Before they got down into the main part of the town, they could see over its roofs the little broad ferryboat plying across to the opposite larger town, leaving two bright folds of water behind it like trailing wings and having altogether the air of an active water insect.

Illustration by the author from "Letters to Katie," by Sir Edward Burne-Jones (Macmillan).

If it is not a large stage Mrs. Burt sets, at least no one can deny the abundance of characters. The pages are almost as thickly peopled as those of Dickens or Balzac, and in the earlier portions the characters are completely realized three-dimensional beings, although, it is to be regretted, as the book progresses they tend to become types. Not the least charming of these people is Hooker, the parrot, who through listening to his clerical master's intonings "had become expert in Mosaic law." At the approach of Miss Abbey, whom he was later to disgrace, he "would invert himself and begin to climb all over the cage, upside down, downside up, cocking his ash-gray head and his glowing yellow eyes and cleverly grasping the bars with his deliberate amber toes. His tail, the color of a flame amongst the ashen feathers of his wings, balanced him in whatever attitude." But, alas, when, carefully covered with a bit of embroidered silk, he was handed into the cab with Miss Abbey—" 'Thou shalt not commit adultery' Hooker remarked excitedly."

The publishers announce the volume as the story of youth's search for God. It is much more than that. It is a keen and sympathetic analysis of the child psyche confronted by the inexplicable "thou shalt nots" of an adult world, and a relentless portrayal of the warping of individuality brought about by ugly fears implanted in childhood. One will search far before finding a grimmer bit of realism than that of Little John's punishment. It was while locked in the dark room, trembling and broken by his whipping, that Little John heard "a voice without human modulation, cold, high. . . say 'I am the Lord thy God' " —and in a paroxysm of terror he passed beyond being afraid. "He had become Fear. . . the Fear of God." The failure of his life comes logically and relentlessly from this hour. Nicholas, in his little hour of trial, meets a too lenient God, and treads a tortuous if partially primrose path to a finally tragic readjustment. This theme is too real to need the sound and fury of plot which Mrs. Burt introduces into the latter part of the book, and the work loses much toward the end through the piling up of theatrical incident.

Schnitzler's Latest

FRAULEIN ELSE. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. Translated by Robert Simon. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1925. $1.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

HOWEVER unpleasant the theme of Schnitzler's latest novel may be the book is an artistic triumph. Within the brief compass of its less than one hundred and fifty pages it presents a kaleidoscopic portrayal of the doubt, despair, and agony of a soul which volumes of description could make no more poignant. Its very brevity, indeed, lends it an intensity of mood which neither author nor reader could sustain for a long period, but which for the duration of its swift-moving course lays an unescapable hold upon the emotions. When the tale is told, and the heroine has paid with her life for the violence which she has done to her own nature, the unreality of the situation into which she has been forced becomes secondary to the inevitability of its outcome. The story has that higher reality which is the essence of good fiction.

The high pitch of its emotion is derived through the device of reflecting through the consciousness of Fräulein Else herself the misery to which the young girl falls prey when she has committed herself for the sake of saving her father from financial ruin and imprisonment to appearing unclad before the æsthetic gourmand whose assistance is only to be purchased through feeding his lust for beauty. The device, of course, is perfectly familiar, but it is here handled with an economy of means, a sureness of intention, and a straightforwardness of method that are masterly. The writhings of the girl's soul, the decision and indecision that alike tear her, the final shift of emotion from Else to those around her while she is still maintained as the medium through which the feelings of all are reflected, are conveyed with a directness that is as highly charged as it is effective. From start to finish the story moves with absolute certainty. Its technique is flawless.

A Prize Novel

WILD GEESE. By MARTHA OSTENSO. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1923. $2.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

ANY novel which will satisfy the requirements of a reputable publisher, a popular periodical, and a motion picture producer is an interesting phenomenon. And such is "Wild Geese," the $13,500 prize novel by Martha Ostenso. One is amazed at its selection for this particular prize, because though it may indeed be called "promising" the promise is not fulfilled within the limits of the book. It is unremarkable as a story; its serial possibilities are slight; it is not readily adaptable to the naive art of the motion picture.

The author is, we are told, a young Norwegian girl. The scene is prairie country somewhere in the northwest. The characters are farmers of mixed racial extractions—Swedes, Icelanders,

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Norwegians and Bohemians. Against the drab background of the soil, one of these families, the Gares, contends with the elements, sun and rain, drought and blight. The real conflict, however, is between Caleb Gare, miserly and malicious, and his wife and children. It is a domestic struggle which takes place the world over. Given Caleb in a city, he would have put his children to work in an overall factory just as surely as he broke their spirits in the cow barns and the hay fields, and the story would remain the same.

So, for all its studied realism, the background serves only to make the picture more sombre, more sinister, and not to influence, concretely, the development of the story. Briefly, Miss Ostenso's story is this:

Amelia Gare has had an illegitimate son. Then she marries Caleb. The boy grows up in ignorance of his parentage and has risen somewhat above the level of the community. Caleb uses his wife's love for her son to bend her to his will. It is an unreasoning kind of malice, born of a love of power, and the desire to inflict pain. Of Caleb's own children, Ellen, the younger girl, and Martin, the boy are completely cowed by him. Only Judith has daring and independence. She is a fighting, biting, hatchet-throwing wench who in the motion picture version of the book should be played by the blonde Anna Q. Nilsson with Jack Dempsey to double for her. Not a great deal actually happens to this unhappy family. Ellen loses her sight and her lover, Martin, dislocates his shoulder, getting off on the whole rather well. Judith elopes with the young man who is the father of her unborn child. For Caleb remains the sensational climax of death in a prairie fire.

"Wild Geese" does not, I feel, stand on its own merits. It is as though the author had studied the earlier novels of Willa Cather, had followed the successful lead of Edna Ferber in "So Big," had introduced some of the qualities of Selma Lagerlöf and Knut Hansun and out of this jumble [illegible] a readable but unoriginal and untory.

West with a Difference

THE ARISTOCRATIC WEST. By KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THIS is the book that launched a thousand protests. When the chapter on Reno appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, the good citizens of that virtuous metropolis made a horrible uproar; the governor attacked it as "a virtual libel;" the Nevada Federation of Women's Clubs, the Reno Chamber of Commerce, and private individuals unknown to fame joined in denouncing the unhappy author. All of which might make one think that Mrs. Gerould had probably been telling some unwelcome truths.

Yet as a matter of fact, however it may be with the chapter on Reno, the book as a whole errs on the side of injudicious praise. The author has set herself to define the apparent difference which everyone feels between the spirit of the Middle West and that of the region which lies in and beyond the Rocky Mountains. This she declares to be a difference between the small-town mind, limited in outlook, worshipful of the opinion of one's neighbors, and the aristocratic spirit, recognizant of individual merit, distrustful of majorities, tolerant of divergent attitudes. Such a characterization is likely to be accepted by those who have not lived long in the sections described, for it harmonizes with what one would be led from a passing visit to expect. Mrs. Gerould has been misled by outward appearances and has fallen into the traveler's typical error of inferring freedom of mind from freedom of manners. The Far West has ever been the land of adventure. In contrast to the Middle West, its industries—mining, fishing, grazing, oil, or lumber—have permitted of quick returns; booms of one kind or another are perennial. Incomes and outgoes have replaced each other with startling rapidity. Under such circumstances, life takes on a colorful character. The Far Westerner has a dash and personal tang unknown to his Middle Western uncle; he lives with greater zest; he enjoys more liberty of action. Towns are few and far between, and the great spaces have no spies or Societies for the Prevention of Vice. Mrs. Gerould is perhaps right in ascribing greater courtesy to the Far Westerner than to the Easterner, for a human being is more of a treat in Death Valley than on the corner of Broadway and Forty-Second Street. All of this, unfortunately, is perfectly compatible with intellectual narrowness. The problems of the Rocky Mountain and Pacific states, like those of the Middle West, have been material problems; the chief antagonist has been inanimate nature which never voices any disturbing or heterodox opinions.

The Far West, with the notable exception of San Francisco which early gathered to itself men from various nationalities and climes, has had little experience with diversities of human outlook. Respect for minorities arises only where there are strong minorities to be dealt with; tolerance is a virtue of thickly settled districts, not of solitude. For this reason it has been singularly easy for the Middle Western spirit to capture Southern California and make Los Angeles the capital of smugness, capture the Oregon agricultural valleys and draft anti-Catholic education bills, capture Seattle and hold I. W. W. pogroms in Washington, and make it appear inevitable, as Mrs. Gerould admits, that the Mountain and Pacific states will sooner or later lose their individuality and become merged with the other parts of the country. It would not be inevitable, however, had they ever possessed the spiritual integrity, as contrasted with mere idiosyncracy of manners, which she ascribes to them.

Of the separate chapters, aside from the much-debated Reno one, that on Salt Lake City is the most interesting and valuable. Mrs. Gerould is enthusiastic over the incomparable beauty of the Mormon capital's surroundings—hitherto strangely neglected in accounts of American scenery; she is enthusiastic over the wide embowered streets and the gilded statue of Moroni, the son of Mormon, on the Temple; she is enthusiastic over the Mormons themselves and emphasizes in glowing terms their sturdy virtues. To New Mexico she devotes an excellent but less sympathetic chapter. Indian and Spanish achievements there are rated highly, but little more than contempt is expressed for American attempts to force upon that region a commercial civilization to which the land is ill-adapted. Toward the Northwestern states, the attitude of uncritical praise is resumed, with the exception of a few hostile remarks on the Ku Klux movement which, curiously enough, the author locates in the lumber camps instead of in the agricultural sections. Of San Francisco, city beloved of poets, she writes tenderly and admiringly.

The book ought to be read by everyone east of the Mississippi, but its circulation should be prohibited west of the Rockies lest its flattery undermine the manhood of the whole Pacific coast.

Belloc on England

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Vol. I B.C. 55 to A.D. 1066. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925. $3.75.

"HISTORY" is a misnomer for this extraordinary book; as history it will be judged harshly: "An Essay on the History of England" is its proper title, and as such it deserves far more respect than historical specialists, with their own pet axes to grind, will give it.

Mr. Belloc has ground his axe on the Catholic view of English history, and he pursues in terse paragraphs the makers of the myth of a Teutonic England whose heads he proposes to bounce into the ditch. In short, this book is propaganda.

Hence its value. Belloc is undoubtedly right in his charge that the Anglo-Saxon of the standard histories is about as mythical as Romulus and Remus, and that the attempt to trace all supposed Protestant and English virtues to a primitive England made between the fifth and the ninth century by sturdy Teutons, was sure to result in a distortion of everything that primitive England was. He is undoubtedly right (and here the best historians will support him) in asserting that whatever of organization and civilization in our sense is to be found in Anglo-Saxon England springs directly either from Roman Briton or the Roman Church. He is quite certainly right in reducing the legend of a great invasion of English nations sweeping across Britain and wiping out the natives, to raids of savage barbarians who disorganized British society but never supplanted it. In short, the great argument of this book: that the history of early England is a history of a Roman province gradually sinking into barbarism as pirates preyed upon it, and revived by recontact with still civilized Rome, is just; and Belloc's vivacious presentation may serve to drive home the idea where soberer accounts fail. This thesis is of far greater importance than the mere statement implies, for all writing, all thinking even, about English, about British, about American history is pervaded with the Teutonic myth, and premised by a conception of an English community newly born in the obscure centuries and making a rough civilization upon which most that we are is built.

But Mr. Belloc is a better scourge than he is a historian. His Catholic theory of history works such remarkable transformations when applied to well known facts that the reader's faith in all histories is shaken. If a Whig Protestant can make one thing of English origin, and an English Catholic another and utterly different thing, what has happened? Have we been reading theories every-where all our life? Is written history anything but the known circumstances as one man's prejudice interprets them?

* * *

Mr. Belloc has brought forward, of course, some new facts, and his admirable sense for topography, combined with his view of the British story as a phase of imperial degeneration and Catholic re-organization, makes his history of the dark period between 400 and 600 to 700 A.D. in some respects more illuminating than any that has preceded it. But his method of verifying historical detail leaves much to be desired. As a writer in *The London Times* observed, he cites the Venerable Bede as authority for tradition in one [illegible] and discards him in another. His account [illegible] of the English [illegible] a savage [illegible] with Roman [illegible] to which [illegible] Britain [illegible] to make himself understood, will appeal to the sense of the [illegible] and its origin in early Northern [illegible], and many Englishmen will read with the mouth-filling kennings of the [illegible] will satisfactorily express. And [illegible] was well to recall that the invaders were barbarians who had to be house-broken by Roman customs before they were fit to live in a civilized land, still [illegible] quite impossible to reduce the northern blood that made the Beowulf, the Niebelungenlied, and the sagas, to the dirty stupid savage, living in complete anarchy, that Belloc presents as the person who is posed, falsely no doubt, as the general ancestor of Englishmen.

This, therefore, is a book to be read and digested with the certainty of much value resulting, and much interest for the historically minded who happen to be protestants and believers in their Anglo-Saxon ancestors. It is a bad book for Catholics, who will be hurt not helped by its exaggerations; and useful to historians only in so far as it may fillip them into self examination. For if Belloc writes with a Catholic bias, previous historians of his period have undoubtedly suffered from its opposite.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The Vagrant Burr

AARON BURR. By SAMUEL H. WANDELL and MEADE MINNIGERODE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols. 1925. $10.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. BEARD
Columbia University

FROM his platform in the *American Mercury*, Mr. Clarence Darrow recently fired a whole dump of bird shot and scrapnel over into the eugenics camp, and closed his salvo with the triumphant shout that anyway he would rather have a member of the Jukes family for a steady neighbor than old Jonathan Edwares. The cry of joy which greeted this act of defiance had not died away when a publisher announced a new life of Jonathan's grandson, the vagrant and riotous Aaron Burr. Now it is before us, and those who cheered Mr. Darrow will doubtless close a study of these pages with the firm conviction that any scion of the Jukes clan who managed to do an honest day's work in the course of his life served his country better on the whole than this clever offspring of an Edwards branch.

Such a conclusion, of course, was hardly anticipated by Mr. Wandell who labored long to collect the material for these volumes, or by Mr. Minnigerode who fashioned the text, or by Mr. McCaleb who launched the enterprise with his benediction. On the contrary, it appears that they have a higher regard for Colonel Burr than most historians and would fain ward off some of the cruel calumny flung at their hero by gossip and tradition. That is quite all right, for no man is as bad as he is painted—or as good either. According to their verdict, it seems mainly due to accidents of unhappy circumstance that Burr became involved in the Conway mess, got into friendly relations with General Lee (whom Washington called a "damned paltroon"), drew upon himself the wrath of Jefferson, shot Alexander Hamilton, was indicted for treason, fled from his creditors, suffered in exile, skinned old Mrs. Jumel out of some of her winnings, and ended his days in sorrow. If that is a correct interpretation, then never did Greek tragedy move with more deadly precision to the triumph of injustice.

Though such seems to be at bottom the spirit of this book, our authors present a mass of microscopic details which permits the reader to form his own judgment concerning the redoubtable Colonel as a wanderer in this vale of tears. In the main the new data relate to Burr as a man rather than a politician. The account of the contested election of 1800, for example, is surprisingly thin; the best of the old tale is not here; and we are asked to believe that Burr deserved no censure for his failure to support Jefferson as the obvious choice of the people. It is true that the sage of Monticello appears rather small in this nasty intrigue and that Burr might have had the presidency if he had promised the Federalists their jobs and pelf, but that does not lift Jonathan Edwards's grandson very high in the scale of public service. Burr's so-called conspiracy is also made to appear in a favorable light. The conclusion is that his enterprise and the sordid plotting which accompanied it were directed against Mexico, not the United States. Our authors contend that the Colonel did not advocate as a part of his program a separation of the Western states from the American Union—a negative hard to prove—but they go on to say that he did contemplate "as an inevitable feature of his scheme" a "voluntary and deliberate separation." Cold-blooded academicians, who know New England Federalists and Southern statesmen, will not be shocked by this statement of the case. Neither will they be moved by it to look upon Burr as a victim of a malignant Jefferson.

The story of Burr's later years as an exile and outcast is enlivened by novel and piquant details unearthed by assiduous research. The Colonel undoubtedly had a hard time. He was straitened by poverty, harassed by creditors, and irked by British officials. Many things made his path thorny. He got drunk at Birmingham and missed his stage. Wherever he incurred trouble- some debts. His eff ladies was "always devastating," and th to his perplexities. At least three illegit dren made a drain upon his slender resources. After roping in Madame Jumel he spent her money so fast in speculation and good living that she felt moved to divorce him on statutory grounds at the ripe old age of eighty. Near the end of his days he came to the conclusion that "the Scriptures contained the most perfect system of truth the world has ever seen," but when asked on his death bed whether he hoped for pardon of sins through grace, he replied: "On that subject I am coy." In portraying this amazing character, Mr. Minnigerode uses a broad brush and strong colors; perhaps Turner's tints would be too tame for Aaron Burr, son of the Rev. Aaron Burr, grandson of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards.

The Book of a Soldier

PERSONALITIES AND REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR. By MAJOR GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS
Author of "The History of the World War."

IT IS perhaps no exaggeration to say that no army in history of equal size and achievement has been less well served by historians up to the present time than the American Expeditionary Army in France. While it lived it lived under the régime and behind the veil of the censor. Hardly had it ceased to exist when the sudden collapse of all interest in war and battle the world over, together with the concentration of attention upon Peace Conferences and Inter-allied disputes, deprived it in peace of that just appraisal which it could not have in war.

One might have hoped, then, that a book by Major General Robert Lee Bullard would contribute to fill the very real void. As the man of Cantigny, Soissons, the Vesle, and the Meuse, as the commander of the Second American Army on the very eve of great operations when the Armistice came, no soldier who wore our uniform saw more, did more, achieved more than Bullard; he was in the thick of it all, he was a part and a large part of what was most important and most successful.

It is impossible then to conceal a certain disappointment that, on his own decision, General Bullard has limited himself rigidly to the narrower if by no means inconsiderable or unimportant field of personalities and reminiscences and denied us what might be described as the view of the general staff mind. What Maurice did for the British Army, Mangin, Buat, and a score of Frenchmen for the French army, what Kluck, Bülow, and a host of others have done for German armies, Bullard does not undertake for the American and we have still to await the book which shall analyze, appraise, and elucidate the larger military aspects of the American campaign in France.

* * *

Accepting this limitation, however, one must say at once that Bullard's book is by all odds the most complete and valuable contribution to the knowledge of the conditions under which the American army was made, the physical obstacles, the political ineptitudes, and above all the military limitations, which has yet been made. Not only does the author search his associates, subordinate and superior, but he searches himself with unfaltering and inexorable severity. Even more, to enable you to understand, he lays bare his own misjudgments, his prophecies which did not come true, his contemporary misapprehensions which might easily have been forgotten. He spares nobody, least of all himself, and the result is an amazing picture of the American officer, translated suddenly from the routine of small garrisons and petty duties carried out in the tradition lasting from the Civil War to the battlefield on which Europe had for three years been rewriting all of the military textbooks.

In Bullard's narrative, you get the exact appreciation of what it meant when our first relatively insignificant contribution, the First Division, was set down in France, almost literally naked, disarmed, unprepared; suddenly and overwhelmingly made conscious of its ineptitudes, first self-conscious and then ashamed of the position into which it had been thrust. And there is a very acute analysis of the underlying absurdity of the disproportion between American brag and American achievement in this period.

But from nothing, almost literally nothing, Bullard shows how the American army grew, learned, arrived, not alone in numbers but in knowledge. He tells you, a little remorselessly, not only that many failed, how they failed and why, but he gives you also one of the justest appreciations of what in all its inceptive period the American army owed the French mainly, but the British materially. Yet it is perhaps more in his analysis of mental than material circumstances that you feel the transformation, feel it coming, suddenly are conscious that it has arrived.

On the side of physical circumstances Bullard is perhaps a striking example of the limitations not only of all soldiers, but in particular of the American officer. He is at times to an almost irritating degree not merely inarticulate but incurious. He treats great events as he undoubtedly would treat bullets flying about him; he is not, to be sure, unconscious of them, but he is unimpressed by them, they are the concomitants of his trade. As a result neither from his account of Soissons nor of the more considerable Meuse-Argonne do you gain any idea of the stakes of the struggle or the significance of the achievement. At the Meuse his men advance through obstacles which seem impassable. He does not know how they are to get through, he does not know afterwards how they did get through. Looking backward he rescues from his memory as a salient detail the two major generals and the one brigadier who had to be sent back on his order. In battle he was one of our best soldiers but of battle he is, decidedly, one of our worst narrators.

* * *

But when it comes to men or to a man, to divisions, corps, or even armies, I know of no military writer who has been more successful in presenting the state of mind. The chapter in this volume on French morale is almost worthy to be regarded as classic. It explains to you with tragic simplicity the real foundation of the failure of France at the Aisne in 1917, of Britain a year later. It explains beyond all else the fact which Ludendorff can never understand but illustrates with impressive detail in his story of the "black day" of August 8, 1918.

Every civilian, every perfervid patriot, all who believe the soldier is an inspired machine incapable of fear, ready during a life time if necessary to spring forward to fresh deeds of glory, should read that chapter. It is, I believe the most complete picture of the European armies after three years of futile slaughter that it is possible to imagine, a picture only to be made by a representative of a fresh, young, unblooded army, the army which brought youth back to stricken Europe after the boys of France, Britain, yes and Germany, had vanished in the storm or, in the case of the few who survived, become old before their time.

The best of Bullard's book is then, after all, analytical and even psychological—without any design or pretense to be the latter—rather than historical or military. Yet one must add that from time to time, there are discoverable estimates of men which disclose an acute, unsparing, but never malicious mind; Pershing, Bliss, Baker, Summerall, Harbord, Mangin, Petain, many others are translated from names to flesh and blood by a few quick strokes and usually by at least one vivid anecdote. And Bullard's tribute to Summerall, who succeeded him in command of the First Division, is certainly one of the finest a soldier ever paid to a comrade.

* * *

In sum, Bullard's book is the book of a soldier, of a soldier who feels rather than sees, who is at his best setting forth a state of mind, or better illuminating a state of fact by revealing a state of mind. It has an engaging simplicity and an almost devastating honesty. The author can tell you that he was nervous, downright scared, and ridiculously wrong. He is full of magnificent reserves but also of gorgeous indiscretions. He tries to prove nothing, to justify nothing, to exalt or diminish no one. But for anyone who hereafter would understand or describe the American Expeditionary Army in France this is a necessary book.

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Romantic Annals

STEAMBOAT DAYS. By FRED ERVING DAYTON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by MEADE MINNIGERODE

"OF ALL things in life, there is nothing more foolish than inventing!" So, in the late eighteenth century, it seemed to James Watt. But he was to be known as the Father of the Steam Engine—ancient Egypt seems to have been the grandfather, with temple doors operated by some sort of steam contrivance—and it was not to be so long, as history goes, before Robert Fulton set the Hudson River gasping with his snorting *Clermont*. There had been many experimenters, but it was for Fulton to make the steamboat reliable and practical. "He was", Mr. Dayton tells us, "equipped with knowledge of the art . . . he lived at a fortunate time when the world was beginning to understand its need of transportation . . . there was available to Fulton a growing number of mechanics to interpret his plans."

Of course, "reliable" and "practical" were comparative terms. One appreciates the enormous courage, the reckless determination to travel of those people of the early nineteenth century, when one reads that notice issued in the 1820's by the Hudson River Company, stating that—

> Passengers on board the safety barges will not be in the least exposed to any accident by reason of the fire or steam on board the steamboat. The noise of the machinery, the trembling of the boat, the heat from the furnace, boilers, and kitchen and everything which may be considered unpleasant on board a steamboat are entirely avoided.

It must have been a clattering, belching, pounding, smelly, and panic striking business, and in the 1840's on the Ohio Mr. Dickens records that passengers preferred to be lodged aft "because the steamboats generally blew up forward."

This is a very fine book. A necessary book; its subject a proper part of the national annals. A book in which has been gathered together—with what infinite pains and labor one hesitates to estimate—the whole history of American steam boating. What Captain Clark did for the clipper ship, Mr. Dayton has done for the "floating steam kettle." Transportation has always been inherently romantic: the business of sending passengers and freight away from one place and having them arrive somewhere else, with reasonable dispatch and security; and never more so than through the vast landscapes of the North American continent and along its rolling rivers and waterways. "Steamboat days were romantic and travel was adventure," Mr. Dayton sums it up.

In this book one witnesses the inception, the growth, and the destinies of the Hudson, Connecticut, Thames, Providence, Delaware, and Western River boats; of the Long Island, Nantucket, and Block Island Sound steamers; of the Chesapeake, Narragansett, Massachusetts, and Down East lines; of the Champlain and Great Lakes companies; of the coastwise and early transatlantic packets. One reads of captains, and shipyards, and competitive wars; of races, and burnings, and sinkings; of Commodore Vanderbilt and Uncle Daniel Drew; of the *New World*, and the *Mary Powell*, and the *Robert E. Lee*. And from cover to cover the pages of the book are gladdened by the pen and ink sketches of the late John Wolcott Adams; that gentleman whose little top-hatted figures of the 'forties, 'fifties, and 'sixties seem actually to be breathing the air of their periods. Some of the pictures unfinished—Mr. Adams's last, and irreparably interrupted work.

Inevitably, in a work of such widespread interest, touching upon so many rapidly disappearing American backgrounds, one wishes that the author had done more. One wishes that some more detailed picture of the communities which the early steamboats served might have been evoked; one regrets that the pageant of the gambling, duelling, uproarous life on the Mississippi in the days of its glory might not have been more vividly projected; one would have liked some record of the picturesque crews which manned the boats, of their dress, of their language, and of their songs. One wishes for some of these things, and yet one realizes the impertinence of asking for more, when Mr. Dayton has already done so much.

The BOWLING GREEN

A Detour

FANTASY is fashionable nowadays: they're all writing Just Not So stories. Some of the most determined and resolute fantasies you ever saw are being put out: the author doesn't intend that there shall be any doubt about its being a fantasy. And since the Decline and Fall of the Algonquin Empire there is a delightful state of uncertainty among many Young Malleables as to what really is or isn't to be praised. There is no longer, for the moment, any woolsack of Authority. Henry Mencken made a brilliant bid for the Papacy; but he had ridiculed Dictators so long that his young dragoons are likely to get out of hand. I was delighted loitering in the Grand Central Station the other day and watching the people get aboard various limited trains (The Wolverine, the Lake Shore Limited, the Merchants', the Gilt Edge Express) to see the different reading matters. Wolverine passengers were likely to carry a McFadden "book" (by which they meant magazine); but the bulky young raccoons and possums going back to New Haven and Boston had mostly *Mercuries*. However, *non possumus omnes* I reflected. A few years ago it would have been the *Atlantic* that one saw on the Gilt Edge Express. It is these little shifts and veerings in the vogue that make life entertaining to the student.

* * *

Landsmen don't pay much attention to the weather. The citizen can rarely tell you what quarter the wind exhales, or how the glass is moving. But put him adrift at sea, or even on Long Island Sound, Lord how carefully he studies the clouds and marks his barograph. So is it with literary climate. Publishers, whose lives depend on these matters, very shrewdly con the sky.

* * *

But I'll tell you a secret. When you're perfectly sure a thing's a fantasy, it isn't. And what I had in mind to say was, I wish more of our fantasy writers had the Stella Benson touch. I have learned, I suppose, that it is no use to tell people about Miss Benson's beautiful books; there is some mystery in the universe which prevents them from reaching those who need them. Yet I keep on hoping, for Stella Benson is so perfectly what many other people are advertised as being, but aren't. It is modish lately to deplore Mr. Michael Arlen: the intelligentsia have not forgiven him for becoming popular; and worse, cannot forgive him for playing their own game so much more skilfully and cynically than they know how. So the sophisticates have all leaped out of the window of the Arlen boom, crying that they did it for Purity. But I am still simple enough to admire Mr. Arlen as the extraordinarily able and ungulled humorist that he is; and perhaps I admire him most of all because when we met we found ourselves instantly at one; not merely in our affection for Mr. Arlen, but (more important) in our admiration for Stella Benson. If Mr. Arlen really wants to do a good turn, I wish he would somewhere put down in ink his tribute to her elfin glory. A man can write as many "Green Hats" as he likes: if he admires Miss Benson that is all I ask of anyone.

* * *

For Miss Benson seems to me the perfectly civilized writer. In her new book, "The Little World," perhaps livelier than elsewhere I Stella's image see. For it is when writing about real things, even more than in her intended fantasticoes, that she is in finest and tenderest fancy. There are no signboards in her pages telling you exactly when she is going to begin to be jocund. She is in no danger from the licentious peasantry of the literary countryside (I quote from a delicious anecdote in this new book) because the average hoodlum reader would never suspect the glamour of those small, carefully muffled enchanted books. She is as good company as only a melancholy person can be: and as Mr. Disraeli remarked in his "Calamities and Quarrels of Literature," those are the only justly frolic companions. She is, unless your ear is very dainty, almost inaudible. How few authors are that. As she says of Woman before she got the vote, her life has been "one long obstacle race owing to the anxiety of man to put pedestals at her feet. While she was falling over the pedestals she was soothingly told that she must occupy a Place Apart—and indeed, so far Apart did her place prove to be that it was practically out of earshot."

* * *

A French theatrical manager was writing to an American playwright to explain, sadly, that the American's play, produced in Paris, had not been successful. "I regret to inform you that after the excellent reception of the dress rehearsal the public postponed coming after the very first performance." That was an immortal delicacy. The public has too long postponed coming to Miss Benson's books. "The Little World," which is a fantasy of the right sort, is a book of travel, where you see our dear and actual planet minified on the retina of a marvellously clear and anxious eye. I suppose Miss Benson will be surprised to find herself mentioned along with another Young Visiter; but these sketches remind me of the Kipling of 1887 or thereabouts. There is the malice, the charm, the wit; and something more too, which Kipling was then too young to have. Coventry Patmore used to advise young poets to live on the interest, rather than on the capital, of passion; an extraordinarily shrewd advice. Miss Benson, in writing of her travels, lives on the imaginative percentages of her observation, not squandering the lump sum of her experience. So must every true fantasist. If you will read her account of a journey across the United States with a Ford car and a husband who had a monocle, you will see what I mean. Well, perhaps you will; perhaps you won't. At any rate read the first piece in "The Little World," the piece called "Trippers," and see what fantasy is.

* * *

It made me happy the other day, in a Long Island train, to see a long thin publisher, smoking a long thin cigar, reading a manuscript of a life of Walt Whitman. He was reading it with glee and called out to me, as I passed him in the smoker, "Gosh this is fine, isn't it?" (He knew that I had already read that MS). And I was thinking, as I sat down, of Walt's own question about the poet: Will the future make detours to the right hand and the left hand for his sake? Any motorist on Long Island can tell you that it has been done for Walt. Well, some day, when you have stopped at the fashionable roadhouses of literature, try turning off on a small but exquisitely rewarding byway. Try "The Little World" or "Pipers and a Dancer" or "This Is the End." But even if no one goes with me, I am proud when I can make this detour, for Stella Benson's sake.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

A cash prize of $2500 for the best novel submitted by March 1, 1926, has just been announced by Edward J. Clode, Inc. The novel may be of any type and by an experienced or amateur writer. There are no restrictions placed upon it save that it must be written in English and certain mechanical restrictions as to appearance of the manuscript, etc.

The winning novel will be published May 1, 1926, and the author will receive not only the $2500 prize, but a liberal contract as well. Any other manuscript considered worthy of publication will be accepted and brought out by the firm.

Grant Overton, fiction editor of *Collier's*, and himself the author of several well-known books, Harry Hansen, literary editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, and Edward J. Clode, of the publishing firm bearing his name, will be the judges. While they expect to receive many manuscripts from established authors, they hope also to unearth through this contest some promising new writers.

The contest is now open. Manuscripts or requests for additional information may be addressed to Edward J. Clode, Inc., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Books of Special Interest

Negro Folk-Songs

ON THE TRAIL OF NEGRO FOLK-SONGS. By DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALAIN LOCKE

AS MISS SCARBOROUGH herself suggests, it is confidence, sympathy, and familiarity that can best capture anything so elusive as folk-songs. And to such amateur enthusiasm and bare-handed skill, more effective after all than the traps and nets of many a professional folk-lorist, we owe one of the most extensive and discriminating collections of Negro folk-songs ever made. Especially grateful should we be for the retention of their homely vitality and native charm by the simple and familiar tone and detail of Miss Scarborough's commentary, as well as for her assurances that the spirit of this folk art is still very much alive. It is too prevalently believed that Negro folk lore is extinct and Negro folk song dying. But ballads like "The Boll Weevil" and contemporary "Blues" that are unmistakable folk-songs are encouraging evidences that the temperament that produced "Br'er Rabbit" and the camp-meeting "Shouts" and the "Corn Songs" has not wholly disintegrated. There is no mistaking the genuineness, sectional or racial, of

I says to Mr. Boll Weevil
What you doin' thar?
The last time I seed you
You was settin' on a squah,
Just huntin' you a home
Just huntin' you a home.

Indeed there is no reason why this vital folk tradition and art should die out, or with proper nurture should not flourish, and it is a very welcome fact to notice by the evidence of this and other recent books that the South is keenly awake to the preciousness of this heritage.

Miss Scarborough is almost too concerned about folk quality to care overmuch about the classification of types, though her discussion of Dance Songs, the Lullabies, the Game-Songs, Animal Songs, and Work Songs brings adequately to popular notice much material not known to the layman. With the help of W. C. Handy, she has written a really noteworthy chapter on the most recent of this folk material, the songs called "Blues" that are the prototypes and originals of the manufactured Blues of the contemporary stage and cabaret. Authentic folk quality is best gauged by instinct, after all, and one somehow applauds the author's occasional disdain of the academic coaching of her elbow by Professor Kittredge, whose pet diversion is to find a fourteenth or fifteenth century original for any ballad found south of the Potomac. The same process that makes a ballad transforms it: all folk versions are equally genuine. So when a Cavalier ballad, quoted in Davenant's "Rivals," turns up among Virginia Negroes as

I went a-whooping and a-hollering, for the next thing I could find
Was an owl in a thorn-tree, and that I left behind.
Some said, "It's an owl," but I said, "Nay!"
Some said, "It's the devil and let us run away!
Look a-ther, now!"

the final effect is just as characteristically racial as when under the same folk-change a Negro spiritual in turn becomes a work song of the lumber camps:

Well, who built de Ark?
Norah built it
Who built de Ark
Norah built it
Cut his timber down.

First thing dat Norah done
Cut his timber down
Second thing dat Norah done
Hewed it all around.

One of the encouraging aspects of the book is the wide coöperation that the author secured and acknowledges from southern folk lore societies and amateur groups interested in the preservation of Negro folk material. It heralds more perhaps than a mere continuation of the traditional interests and attitudes of the South toward the Negro. Certainly so for Miss Scarborough, for she says, "Politicians and statesmen and students of political economy who discuss the Negro problem i , authoritative fashion would d study the folk music of the cc s expressing the feelings and desires not revealed in direct dealing "to the whites", and again, speaking of the newer and more sophisticated art of the Negro, "We should encourage their newer art as well as help to preserve the precious folk-songs of the past." It is by virtue of such an attitude, we may well believe, that Miss Scarborough has been so successful in obtaining so much really intimate and genuine material. And the same reason leads us to expect that the deepest veins of Negro lore will only be opened up by such a project as has recently been started under the auspices of the American Society of Folk Lore involving the training of young Negroes themselves in folk lore investigation and research.

Two Bibliographies

ROBINSON CRUSOE AND ITS PRINTING, 1719-1731. A Bibliographical Study. By HENRY CLINTON HUTCHINS. With a Foreword by A. EDWARD NEWTON. New York: Columbia University Press. 1925. $10.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. By WILLIAM PRIDEAUX COURTNEY and DAVID NICHOL SMITH. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925. $10.

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

MR. NEWTON reminds us of Johnson's definition of a lexicographer as "a harmless drudge," and implies that a bibliographer is no better. Yet Johnson, though he may have been a drudge, was often anything but harmless in his lexicographical labors, as witness many of his definitions into which he imparted his personal prejudices. But bibliography is like lexicography in that it is at best but a thankless task, an exercise in which virtue must be its own reward, and one in which the laborer gets more kicks than he does ha'pence, though that may be his fault as well as his misfortune. Moreover, bibliography is unlike lexicography, in that it is an art as well as a science, and calls for a joyous as well as a serious spirit. Unfortunately, it frequently happens that the adventurer in this field is either, or neither, an artist or a scientist, and rarely both. He generally falls between the two stools, and finds himself doubly posteriorly injured. *Hinc illae lachrymae.* But let him dry his tears, and toe the line again, smiling this time, and I can assure him from experience that he will in time also be numbered among the prophets.

But neither Mr. Hutchins nor Mr. Courtney nor Mr. Smith is in any real danger. While it is true, that Mr. Hutchins is more of a scientist than he is an artist, and Messrs. Courtney and Smith more artistic than they are scientific, it is also true that all three have enough of the qualities of which they have little, to enable them to keep their seats with some comfort to themselves; and it would, therefore, be an act of curmudgeonry to disturb them in their somewhat delicate state of unstable equilibrium. They have served us so well that we should be thankful and not at all questioning for their services. For, after all is said and done, these are books of reference, and we have been so accustomed to look upon such books as aids to knowledge rather than founts of inspiration, as treasuries of facts rather than revelations of life, that it would be too much to expect the bibliographer to be also a biographer, though a humanistic treatment calls for that. I know I am treading on delicate ground, but I cannot help believing that the books which are worth the time and the labor of years of a man's life to describe as books—for the collector's or the librarian's or the book-dealer's benefit—are worth setting, at the same time, in such living relation with their creators, as will enable those gentlemen interested in them as books to realize them also as events.

Mr. Hutchins set himself a more restricted task than did Messrs. Courtney and Smith. His object was to study the editions and issues of only one book—"Robinson Crusoe"—printed between the years 1719 and 1731. In the course of this study he was called upon to place correctly, at least four separate issues of Defoe's famous romance, which have exercised the minds as well as the pocket-books of collectors and bibliophiles. These issues are the first—that of Taylor—of 1719, the serial issue in *Heathcot's Intelligence* in 1719-1720, the Amsterdam Coffee House edition, and the famous or infamous "O" edition. I will say at once, that in this task Mr. Hutchins has acquitted himself admirably. I say this, not because I have verified his uncountable differences of readings—for that would be a labor which I would not dare to undertake at my time of life, since I might not live long enough to finish it—as "a publicity stunt," as we say now. The "O" edition Mr. Hutchins establishes to be a genuine issue, and not, as Dr. Purves maintained, "A proof for exhibition to several publishers made at the press of one of Defoe's political journals." The arguments, pro and con, are set forth by Mr. Hutchins with admirable precision and impartiality. He is to be heartily congratulated on a work, which must have cost him enormous labor and much time, but which now that he has given it to us, must remain the authority on the subject, and an unimpeachable witness to his integrity as a scholar.

Messrs. Courtney and Smith's book on Johnson appeared first in 1915. It is now reprinted with a number of excellent reproductions of the title-pages of the original editions of Johnson's works. These are most valuable additions, and help the student and collector far more than do the printed transcriptions of the title-pages. The historical information supplied forms a relief to the bibliographical data, though it is couched in language that smacks of the Germanic schools. It must be confessed, however, that the bibliographical data, are far from sufficient. I quote three samples, out of many, to illustrate the meagreness of the collations:

The Life of Savage, is collated thus: "Half-title; title; the life, pp. (1)-180 (-186)."

Vanity of Human Wishes, is collated thus: "Title, (1); the poem, pp. (3)-28."

Marmor Norfolciense, is collated thus: "Title, the essay pp. (5)-55."

This, surely, is skimpy treatment and a scampy performance. It is not the method of the scientific bibliographer, and it is neither accurate nor explanatory. It omits, for instance, to tell us whether "The Vanity of Human Wishes" or the "Marmor Norfolciense" was published with a half-title or not. Presumably not, and we would presume from wrong premises. How many preliminary pages before the text are there in the "Savage" and the "Marmor," and what do they contain? We are compelled to answer the first question, from the above collations, by making calculations first, and to the second question we can only give a partial answer. It should be a matter for discussion and settlement by a Congress of Librarians, as to what constitutes a scientific collation, and a uniform formula should be agreed upon. Until this is done, confusion must prevail. It is not possible to make a scientific collation without a working knowledge of the printer's and binder's crafts; and in every case a collation should be by both signatures and pagination, and a detailed contents should go with the latter.

Much space would have been saved, if the editions other than the first and those which Johnson himself emended, had been tabulated in double columns in smaller type. A fuller treatment might have been accorded to Boswell's "Life of Johnson," than the single page here allotted to it. While it is not properly the work of Johnson, there is enough in it of his thought and language, to justify its inclusion in a Bibliography of his works. But the work of Messrs. Courtney and Smith is, none the less, a praiseworthy performance, and the future bibliographer of the writings of the great lexicographer, will be deeply obliged to them for their pioneer labors.

There is no back-stairs way to the understanding of a real author: his letters and confessions can only corroborate what you find in his actual creation. It is a great mistake to imagine that if we had a few trunksfull of Shakespeare's private correspondence, we should understand his plays any better than we do. Shakespeare could not have explained "Macbeth" or "Antony." Literary creations of that order are their own sole explanation; that is why they are great.

—"Journeyman," in *The Adelphi*, London.

Elfin Pictures

PUCK IN PASTURE. By ELIZABETH MCKINSTRY. Doubleday Page. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LAURA BENÉT

ELIZABETH McKINSTRY, as she says of a character in one of her poems, is "the one that's got the call" to summon fairies. They are the unmistakable De la Mare sprites, sad though blithe, thoughtful though joyous. The dipping of willow branches in water, the soughing of night wind through summer air are the voices of their eternal vigilance. A true conception of them is found in Bulwer Lytton's "Kenelm Chillingly": "Fairies have no age. They are the souls of infants who die unbaptized which, if they last a year and are not eaten by birds, turn into fairies."

The opening poem, "Puck in Pasture" is the most characteristically delightful in the book. A mad lyric, rollickingly joyous, it preserves integrity and delicacy of thought and phrasing and has a pastoral atmosphere so fresh that one can scent flowers and clover in the lines:

O the milk came out of those wee brown cows
Creamy and rich and great
And white as a wreath of the fairy foam
With the floods of the hills in spate.

"The Fairy Raiders" has a sorrowful sophistication resembling an old English cradle song, crooned by the fire:

As old as little birds the fairy babies
As old and wise and quaint with tearless eyes,

But there is this difference between De la Mare and Elizabeth McKinstry, that her talent hovers in a path midway between the height of his fantasy and the depths of his incomparable child jingles—a path subject to flashes of the clearest inspiration and then again descending to more conscious verse written instead of lilted as in the two "Songs," "Merlin," "The Spell of Cold," and others. Her gift is too charming and spontaneous to admit of her thus mixing chaff with its fairy wheat. Compare the suggestion of:

Hollow and sweet in the empty pail
Tinkling round the brim
Hushy and soft when the pail was full

with the obviousness of "A Fairy Song":

We, never weep because we see
Pale moon flowers on the barren tree;
A lovely light that takes the shape
Of bud and bloom that is to be.

No artist could have illustrated her work more fittingly. The life and motion of the elfin pictures blend completely with the weave of the poems, and both in their narrative course sing the same song of ever-young Fancy.

Sporting Prints

THE STORY OF BRITISH SPORTING PRINTS. By FRANK SILTZER. Scribners. 1925. $7.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED STODDART.

AS MR. Siltzer intimates, the sporting print collector is actuated by somewhat different impulses from those which dominate most collectors. The sportsman demands something more from a picture than the mere quality of pleasing the eye. The horseman, for instance, is exceedingly particular as to the drawing of horses, their attitudes under certain circumstances, as in jumping or galloping, and if there is a weak spot in this description in a plate, he is sure to condemn it. No doubt this is one reason why we seldom hear much of backgrounds in sporting prints although they have such a decided effect upon the charm of the print.

Moreover sporting prints possess human interest to an extent scarcely equalled by any other kinds of pictures. They have done much to preserve sporting history and traditions, for many of them contain portraits of notable characters in the world of sport, or depict epoch-making events which, although perhaps beneath the notice of the serious historian, are nevertheless of vast interest to the sportsman. Mr. Siltzer is happily sympathetic to this point of view and his book is replete with charming gossip of sporting characters and traditions. It contains also, a store of useful information regarding artists, engravers, and prints, conveniently if simply arranged, and as a handbook to the collector of sporting prints it must prove invaluable. The colored plates, four in number, are admirable and there are many other adequate illustrations in black and white.

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Books of Special Interest

The Mentality of Apes

ALMOST HUMAN. By ROBERT M. YERKES. New York: The Century Co. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by LEE S. CRANDALL

IT IS a curious fact that, in spite of the interest which the great apes have always aroused in the minds of men, very little authentic information concerning them has become available to the general public. Just at this time, when discussion of the origin of man has reached the boiling point, Professor Robert M. Yerkes's "Almost Human" is certain to be well received. A careful perusal will convince any unbiased reader that the rather enigmatical title is appropriate.

Professor Yerkes is one of the few psychologists who have given serious attention to the study of the mental processes of the anthropoid apes. His technical publications are well known to the scientific world and probably no one is better equipped than he to present, in popular form, an account of what is really known concerning our "little cousins."

"Almost Human" is based on an account of the famous collection of apes maintained at Havana, Cuba, by Señora Rosalia Abreu. "Famous" is used advisedly, for while this important experiment and its general results are widely known among naturalists, little has been published concerning it. For the first time, a full history of Señora Abreu's work has been made available by Professor Yerkes. If the account seems somewhat disjointed, it is made doubly valuable by the interpolation of extracts from the publications of other workers in the field of ape psychology, as well as the observations of Professor Yerkes himself.

A woman of strong personality and unusual character, Señora Abreu, in spite of "the manifest surprise and amazement, the open or implied criticism, and even the ridicule of her fellow countrymen, acquaintances, and friends," has persisted in her interest in the lower primates, until it finally resulted in the gathering of a series of apes which has few rivals. As might be expected, the members of this unique collection react favorably to the tropical climate, even to the point of reproduction.

The birth of the chimpanzee Anumá, now ten years old and the first anthropoid to be reared to maturity in captivity, took place on April 27th, 1915. It was this unusual event that brought to the Cuban experiment the attention of biologists the world over. In 1923, a second baby, known as Lita, was born. Lita and her parents form the subject of a most interesting study of the family life of the great apes, a matter concerning which practically nothing was previously known.

The success of Señora Abreu's colony is used by Professor Yerkes in an effective plea for more extensive work with anthropoids. He outlines the possibilities of such investigation, in relation to many fields of human endeavor, summing up as follows:

"The purpose of this comparison of the status of physical and biological sciences is to point the strategic value of the primates for psychological inquiry. Of all living creatures they are the most promising material for the psychologist, aside from his fellow beings. And where the fellow beings refuse to lead or follow, where experimentation is unjust or impracticable, the infra-human primate is supreme. It is far worse than careless to ignore or neglect our opportunities; it is wholly inexcusable."

The book is written in a spirit obviously fair and with the careful reserve of the scientist who strives to draw the layman into his laboratory. It should be read by everyone given to arguing, or even to thinking, about the evolution of man.

Some Spanish Mystics

SPANISH MYSTICISM. By E. ALLISON PEERS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

Reviewed by MUNA LEE

ONE of the surest and most direct approaches to an understanding of pain is through Spanish mysticism. Angel Ganivet, hard-headed thinker that he was, declared the most striking tendencies of the religious spirit of his race to be "poetic exaltation, or mysticism, and fanaticism, the exaltation of action": and Unamuno, not too prone to agreement with Ganivet generally, says, "I become more and more convinced that our philosophy, the Spanish philosophy, is liquescent and diffused in our literature, in our life, in our action, above all in our mysticism; and not in philosophical systems." Shelley's "Flame-like Spain" and Santayana's "Christ, the only conqueror of Spain indeed!" are poetic syntheses of the same truth. The Spanish mystics have always been characterized not only by intense and flaming ardor, but by commonsense as well; not only by wisdom, but by sagacity; by that peculiar blending of vision and downright practicality which is temperamentally Spanish. In their discovery of the universe they never lose sight of earth. Saint Teresa's homely phrase, "The Lord walks among the pots and pans" is typical; equally typical is the "Slaying, Thy will recalleth life from death" of St. John on the Cross. The Spaniard detests generalization, vagueness, speculation for its own sake; he abhors unreality: and Spanish mysticism is, literally, the achievement of a passionately religious race in realizing its desire.

Mr. Peers's method in this volume of interpretation and selection is excellent. He contributes a brilliantly written introduction indicating the historical background and the spiritual sources, then presents extracts from the writings of the mystics themselves in beautiful prose translation and in verse which is not always so satisfactory. The original versions in Spanish form the third section of the book. From the several hundred mystics with their several thousand works, the editor chooses some fourteen from that Great Age of Mysticism which was also the Great Age of Spain—in literature, in painting, and in conquest. He begins with Fray Hernando de Talavera, Queen Isabella's confessor, whose chief importance is historical. Then come in order other precursors of Saint Teresa: Alejo de Venegas, Alonso de Orozco, Francisco de Osuna, Bernardino de Laredo, St. Pedro de Alcántara, Juan de Avila, Fray Luis de Granada. Saint Teresa herself and St. John of the Cross follow, and the later mystics, Pedro Malón de Chaide, Juan de los Angeles, Diego de Estella; with a magnificent climax in Luis de León, with excerpts from that very great and most characteristically Spanish book, "The Names of Christ"—excerpts embodying explanations of the symbolic meaning of "Bridegroom," "Son of God," and "Prince of Peace."

Lack of complete agreement with Mr. Peers—the feeling, for example that in the introduction he does less than justice to the Quietists, in failing to see that Molinos in his insistence on "spiritual martyrdom" and "perfect annihilation" is not after all so remote from the implications of Carmelite and Franciscan "strife" and "warfare" as Mr. Peers implies—does not preclude admiration and appreciation of his achievement. With a fine intuition for beauty, balanced judgment, and a discriminating critical sense, and with the sympathy born of comprehension, he has employed his scholarship and his enthusiasm to bring together a profoundly interesting mass of material not otherwise readily available for most readers.

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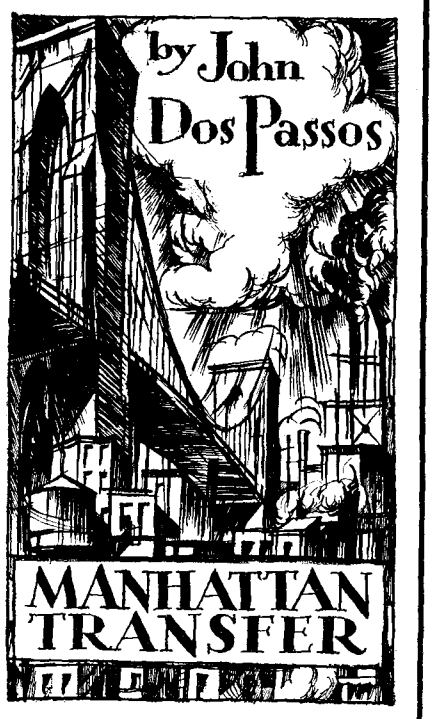

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A Letter from France

By Louise Morgan Sill

THREE new volumes on Anatole France enrich the fast growing library on this subject. "La Jeunesse d'Anatole France," by Georges Girard (Nouvelle Revue Française), contains an account of the author's boyhood from authentic sources, with some of his earliest MSS. and a little collection of his thoughts about the Creator, called "Pensées Chrétiennes" which he wrote at the age of seven and intended to have printed when he should be twenty. Its price was to be fifty centimes. He was then, of course, a believer. Many of the youthful letters included here have to do with his parents, his serious father and his indulgent, charming mother. But though the letters and essays show a mind of intense sensibility, there is as yet nothing very superior to the output of thousands of French boys who are always specially trained in literary skill. This literary record is of great value only because of the writer's destiny, but it shows his early predilection for writing and his industry.

In "Dernières Pages Inédites d'Anatole France," presented by Michel Corday (Calmann-Lévy), we have unpublished pages written up to the time of his death, which add nothing to his fame but complete a record. There are fragments of dialogues which France entitled "Sous la Rose," in which again he treats of the Creator, this time from the standpoint of a sceptical old man whose arguments, however, are almost as ingenuous against faith as they were ingenuous for it in his childhood—a fact which M. Franc-Nohain points out in the *Echo de Paris*. The dialogues also deal with old age—upon which France is not at all edifying—with the War, with modesty, etc., written in that brilliant French of which he was always master even to the day of his death at the age of seventy-eight.

Another book on A. France, entitled "Anatole France et Racine," by Gabriel des Hons (Le Divan), has a Preface by Charles Maurras.

Jean Giraudoux's new novel "Bella" began serial publication in the October number of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. It is one of his strongest books, and is said to include M. Poincaré among its characters. It deals with political life in France, a theme which M. Giraudoux's career at the Foreign Office has amply prepared him to handle.

M. Poincaré's first cousin, Henri Poincaré, is the protagonist of another new book in the collection "Nobles Vies, Grands Œuvres" (Plon), by Paul Appell, rector of the University of Paris. It will be remembered that Henri Poincaré was a phenomenal mathematician. His father was professor in the Medical Faculty of Nancy, and among his forbears were soldiers, legislators, and lawyers. As a child he was not strong, and it was not until he reached the fourth class in school that his mathematical talent was discovered and became a subject of comment among the professors. He first distinguished himself in history and geography, though he never seemed to work hard, and was so absent-minded that he could not always say whether he had breakfasted or not. Later he was first in the entrance examinations for the difficult Ecole Polytechnique in Paris.

For the study of the poet Charles Baudelaire, the edition of his works edited and commented by M. Jacques Crépet (Conard)—whose father before him was a Baudelairian—leaves nothing to be desired. This publication, begun several years ago, is not yet complete, and the new volume has just appeared under the title "L'Art Romantique." Baudelaire's text is given without the interruption of notes, all of which appear, with studied commentaries and explications, in the second part of the book. There is also an alphabetical index of the best kind. This volume is a posthumous collection of Baudelaire's criticisms on art—on painters, writers, actors, musicians—the most important of which are his fine pages on the painters Delacroix and Constantin Guys. He was a passionate and clairvoyant admirer of Delacroix, and his study of this painter is a model of prose criticism. There are a few letters of the poet's, and his lecture at Brussels where he told of going to Delacroix's house, shocked by news of his death, and of sitting, talking and weeping, for an hour with the painter's old servant.

The prolific art critic, M. Florent Fels, writes on contemporary artists—Matisse, Rouault, Segonzac, Utrillo, Othon Friesz, Derain, etc.—with his usual insight and charm in a book which he entitles "Propos d'Artistes" (La Renaissance du Livre). The volume is illustrated by thirty-two portraits and reproductions. M. Fels is editor-in-chief of an excellent art review, *L'Art Vivant*, still in its first successful year of existence.

Abbé Henri Brémond, of the French Academy, delivered an address on Pure Poetry at the October 24th annual "public" meeting—to which, however, it is difficult to gain access—of the five Academies comprising the French Institute. This accomplished "historian of mysticism throughout the ages" published in July a book entitled "Pour le Romantisme" (Bloud). He has two brothers, André and Jean, who strangely enough are also ecclesiastics and writers. An extraordinary book by these three brothers appeared last spring called "Le Charme d'Athènes," to which each contributed interesting and erudite chapters on the poet Pindar, St. Catherine of Alexandria, the Eleusinian Mysteries, and other subjects. In talking recently to a cultivated American woman visiting France the present writer was rather surprised to learn that among other useful books she had bought the entire works of Abbé Brémond. This famous writer lives in an ancient building almost under the eaves of Notre Dame, in a narrow old street winding picturesquely past the Cathedral towards the Seine, where he has an apartment adjoining that of another brilliant French ecclesiastic, Canon Ernest Dimnet, who wrote "France Herself Again," "From a Paris Balcony," and numerous other books. Canon Dimnet, however, possesses the rare gift of writing equally well in French and English.

A group of new Russian books includes an unpublished work of Dostoïevsky's, "Le Bourgeois de Paris" (Kra), translated into French by N. Guterman; an account of Petrograd during the revolution by the daughter of the Russian minister, Witte, Madame Vera Narischkine-Witte, entitled "La Vérité sur la Révolution Russe" (Editions Baudiniere); the Princess Vera Galitizine's "Réminiscences d'une Émigrée" (Plon); and Henri Béraud's "Ce que J'ai Vu a Moscou" (Editions de France). All these books elucidate the Russian catastrophe.

The first French edition ever published of a *chanson de geste* entitled "Le Pélérinage de Charlemagne" was issued not long ago in Paris by Lahure. The most curious detail of this publication is the fact that the edition was made by Mrs. Anna J. Cooper, an American colored woman who teaches in a school for colored people in Washington. This chanson was popular in the Middle Ages, and relates in an amusing manner, and with a somewhat modern touch, the adventures of Charlemagne and his peers. It was the first poem in which twelve-syllable verse was employed. An edition was formerly published in London and one in Berlin, neither of which is to be found nowadays.

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Foreign Literature

MEXICAN FOLK-SONGS

CANCIONES, CANTARES, Y CORRIDOS MEXICANOS: Collecionados por Higinio Vazquez Santa Ana. Mexico: Ediciones León Sanchez. 1925.

Reviewed by EARLE K. JAMES

THREE Latin-American countries are notable for their lyric productions, Argentine, Colombia, and Mexico, and of these Mexico possesses the greatest number of folksongs, qualitatively as well as quantitatively. In fact, it would not be indulging in hyperbole to state that Mexico has produced more genuine folk-music than any other country. Partial proof of this is found in the fact that the compiler of this collection of songs, ballads, and *corridos* has in his possession several thousand folksongs, of which some one hundred and fifty are in this book.

Yet this number represents geograhically only a fraction of the whole of Mexico. There are regions as yet lyrically unexplored. I have sat for hours listening to song after song never as yet set down on paper given by people from different parts of the country. Truly has a recent writer said that in Mexico all of the people and most of the birds sing. Towns that know no bathtub or modern stove possess one or two harps and scores of guitars. Singing clubs exist everywhere, and at fiestas one need not be surprised to see groups of humble laborers in overalls bursting forth into profuse strains of unpremeditated art. I quote Shelley because Shelley would have penned these words of the Mexicans had he not known only the skylark.

Señor Vazquez Santa Ana's book is of inestimable value as it represents the first important effort in Mexico to compile folksongs. However, it is only a small step in the proper direction. Many well-known folksongs such as "El Tecolotito" are absent, while one or two of the songs included can scarcely be considered typically Mexican, as, for example, "Perjura" which ten or fifteen years ago was sung in every Latin-American country from Mexico to Chile, and "La Princesita" which is entirely Spanish in form and type if not in authorship. Some have acquired an international reputation. Of these, "La Estrellita" is a notable case, that beautiful song which last winter was sung in English in the Town Hall by the quintet of Fiske University, and some two years ago formed part of the repertoire of the Ukranian Chorus, although in neither case was mention made of its Mexican origin.

This collection not only reveals the temper of the Mexican people but also reflects its racial and cultural heterogeneity. In this collection breathes the spirit of a nation centuries old. The bare-footed peon, descendant of the mighty Toltecs and Aztecs, now toiling from sunrise to sunset in the fields of which he has been despoiled, living on a handful of corn and an olla of *atole*, pauses a moment on his hoe, and, hopeful of the day when he will be free, sings,

Now that I am but the anvil,
I must bear the lot they send,
So that when I am the hammer,
I may give blows without end.

The contemplating Indian, wrapped in a great sarape, sitting for hours at the door of his hut until the sun wreathes the distant snow-capped volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Ixtacihuatl in a hundred wondrous tints, rises and murmurs,

How sad are the fields,
When the sun is setting.
So are lovers
At the hour of parting.

and a new contribution to the folklore of the country is added.

The mestizo, sophisticated, amorous, the proud blood of gallant Spain in his veins, sings with disdain to an Indian maid, the clink of castanet and tambourine breaking out in the rhythm of his verses:

It is eight months since we loved, chinita hermosa,
Since you told me in this world that you loved me.
Now has come the one for whom you cried, chinita hermosa,
Seek you one to love you, for there are many that love me.

But the Indian, secretly courting his dusky sweetheart in his shy, primitive manner, thrums on his guitar,

I loved a rancherita,
Poor little girl, ay.
She never knew what to answer,
Ay, ay, ay!
I would take her by the hand,
And she would begin to cry.
"Hurry away for there comes mother,
"And she'll scold us, you and me."

The Mexican Indian is an artist. Beautiful as a lacquer from Michoacán, a vase from Guadalajara, or a shawl from Oaxaca is this simple but untranslatable poetic gem, carved, it would seem, on a Querétaro opal of burning fire:

Si me muero, de mi barro,
hágase comadre un jarro.
Si tiene sed, en él beba,
si la boca se le pega,
son los besos de su charro.

To know these songs is to know the true Mexican, not the distorted caricature of the movies. Sr. Vazquez Santa Ana hopes to have a second volume ready for the opening of the international fair in Mexico City, in which he is participating as head of the music and dance commission. It is to be hoped, however, that in the second volume he will include commentaries and historical annotations on the various songs.

AMERICAN PROBLEMS

AMERIKA UND SEIN PROBLEM. By M. J. BONN. Munich: Myer und Jessen. 1925.

Reviewed by E. H. ZEYDEL,
Indiana University

THE author of this volume on "America and its Problem" is one of Germany's foremost political economists of the new school and a close student of America. In this book he has written, for Germans, a work which reveals an unusually good knowledge of America and American problems. His purpose is to acquaint his countrymen with the pressing social questions now confronting America, and in that way to give them a better conception of the New World.

The great American problem to which the book is devoted is stated in the following terms: "From every part of the world fragments of races have swept into America. They have spread over the immense continent, which despite external multifariousness possesses, at bottom, a physical and geographic uniformity, almost incomprehensible because of its vastness. They have all been forced into a single social mould which originated in puritanical New England. Will it be possible, in spite of the climatic and geographical differences between the individual sections which these races have settled, and in spite of their varied national origin, to force them into a single harmonious American nation, not so much by physical cross-breeding as by social assimilation to the puritanic type? Or will they develop into a multiplicity of American forms in which the motley character of their European origins is reflected?"

Bonn's answer to these questions, which, he believes, are making America the inheritor of the social problems that were once peculiar to Europe alone, seems sane and well-reasoned. He feels that we in America will develop neither a complete fusion of races nor a crazy-quilt of distinct nationalities. The inexorable laws of sectional geography, he thinks, will create fixed sectional types, to be sure. In fact, he discovers even now signs of an inchoate American multiformity to take the place of the deadening monotony and uniformity that still prevails. But he feels that this multiformity will in time be encompassed within a large, all-embracing uniformity, such as characterizes the British Empire.

In the course of his discussion the author offers his readers much ripe thought and available information. He detects two original archetypal social systems in America, the New England town and the semi-feudal southern plantation. He discusses the theory of the melting pot and its explosion during the war, as well as the principle of Americanization which has taken its place. Finally he points to the new American policy of the closed door, which may become one of the first steps toward a future "Europeanization" of the New World. It would be fortunate for the Germans if they had many such expositors of nations foreign to them.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

ESSAYS ON JEWISH LIFE AND THOUGHT. The Letters of BenAmmi. Second Series. New York: Longmans, Green. 1925.

Faith cannot be compartmentalized. It will not be contained by any walls reared by impartiality. When one sets out to discuss religious questions in their cosmic aspects one may do it as theologian and frankly turn apologist or propagandist. Or one may write as historian and subject one's belief to the ruthless domination of scientific objectivity. But to treat religion historically, not to say scientifically, is to give to many beliefs the semblance of facts and to invade susceptibilities incapable of distinguishing between the historical and the metaphysical.

It is precisely this disability that unfits BenAmmi for the task of explaining to non-Jews the essence of Jewish life and thought. He is too much of a Talmudist not to perceive the lacunæ in the scholarship of Gentile historians and too exultingly Jewish not to extol at all times the ripe wisdom of the Rabbnical commentators. Moreover, the cylinder of his telescopes restricts his vision to the sectors of life predominantly Jewish. These "Essays on Jewish Life and Thought" first appeared in the *Jewish Chronicle*. There are signs a plenty that they were written for a public benevolently inclined both to the author and to his thesis; that this knowledge caused him, unconsciously perhaps, to waiver in his allegiance to the ideal of genial tolerance. He alternates graciously between concession and denial. He waxes satiric at the "Jew-haters who, in very wickedness, have accused the Jews of reciting Kol Nidre on the eve of the Day of Atonement in order to free themselves from promises of all kinds made to Gentiles," claiming that this rite gives the Jew "a feeling of certainty that he had been released of the binding power of any rash words he may utter in the coming year." Yet he permits the stigma of perfidy to attach to the Catholic Church because "Mediæval Canon Law specifically declares that an oath which is to the detriment of the Church is not binding."

It may be questioned whether the manner of the inspired rhapsodist can avail much against the implacable gabardine-spitter. One rather inclines to the view that BenAmmi will be well advised to cling to the rôle of historian and continue to describe in his delightfully anecdotal way the Expulsion of the Jews from Spain, Jewish Contributions to the Stage and to Music, Messiahs in History and a Savior of Judaism. Nor is he less effective in the Essay on Semitism in which he puts to rout very neatly such pseudo-anthropologists as Ripley and Topinard; the paper on "Pharisees," though mildly disputatious marshals adroitly facts and arguments and leads to the conviction that "All in all, the Pharisees taught a high standard of conduct, a high conception of God, and a high social code. It is a thousand pities that their designation should have come to mean the very opposite of what they stood for."

THAMYRIS OR IS THERE A FUTURE FOR POETRY? by R. C. TREVELYAN. Dutton. 1925. $1.

One of the latest small volumes in Dutton's "To-Day and To-Morrow Series," which has rightly earned a reputation for its discussion of contemporary affairs and the future in such former volumes as J. B. S. Haldane's "Daedalus," Bertrand Russell's "Icarus," Schiller's "Tantalus," and so on. Mr. Trevelyan's work discusses the possible future of poetry, and is dedicated to the memory of Oswald Sickert. It is undoubtedly suggestive, dealing at first with poetic technique and then essaying, in a deprecating way, "to suggest future possibilities by drawing attention to the lessons which we can still learn from the past." Whether one is wholly in agreement or not with the attitude of Mr. Trevelyan, his essay is well-informed, and his argument for a fixed metrical base underlying irregularities, for a true knowledge of quantity, and so on, is clearly reasoned. He admits that "the dissociation of poetry from music and intonation has to a great extent diminished the immediate potency of its sensuous and emotional appeal; but," he says, "I have argued that the new medium of spoken verse, although it may have grown more similar to prose, is yet very far from being identical with it, either formally, or in the nature of its subject-matter." In this conclusion our own observation certainly sustains him.

Mr. Abercrombie and Mr. Bottomley are practically his only citations from among contemporary poets, but this, of course, gives no indication of his knowledge of contemporary work, though it seems to us from his generalizations, that his tendency is to underrate the amount of good work done in our time.

RUMINATIONS. By ARTHUR MCDOWELL. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.

Mr. Arthur McDowell, an English essayist of some charm and originality, evidently writes to satisfy his occasional need for authorship and not as a matter of professional habit or necessity. Thus he has chosen, gracefully enough, the essay form, and in it he is never without something to say. He shares with the reader, as it were, his private leisure, meditating aloud in a prose that is by no means commonplace though it has not yet achieved real distinction. For these "Ruminations", whether they concern Cows, Sundays, Autobiography, or Travellers' Joy, really are essays and not mere middle articles, those poor modern substitutes for our old Lamb-Hazlitt, or Belloc-Chesterton fare. Mr. McDowell meditates and ponders; we ruminate with him and witness the process leading up to final digestion. He can clothe poetry in his prose and capture the atmosphere of some well-remembered scene. The essay "An Afternoon in the Marshes" is admirable in both respects. It is an additional merit in the author that he can divert his subject so skilfully from large into small channels of interest. So in this essay he brings us back from marsh to earth by discovering the loss of a banknote during the rumination. The opportunity for a change of mood and some discursions is excellently taken. Elsewhere Mr. McDowell pieces his material together with the hand and eye of the artist. Especially delightful is his essay contrasting and comparing two tours of Scotland, those respectively of Dr. Johnson and the Wordsworth party. This is the best essay in the volume and the rest are so nearly as good that Mr. McDowell would deserve an honorable place in any modern anthology of essays.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW. By CLAUDE BRAGDON. Knopf. 1925. $3.

Most contemporary theosophical writings move like dim ferryboats chugging through the fog, but the same cannot be said of the style of Mr. Claude Bragdon. Perhaps the clarity of his mysticism is due to his creative work in architecture and design, although he himself would certainly insist that the casual influence was in the other direction. At any rate, it is only occasionally that he falls into the jargon of his school, as in the allegorical interpretations of "Ham-

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

(*Continued from preceding page*)

let" and "Othello" in the present volume, or in a few passages where his reverence for Madame Blavatsky—as annoying as is always the admiration of a strong head for a weak one—leads him to emulate that celebrated lady's unctuous verbiage. For the most part, Mr. Bragdon's work is that of a highly organized artistic intelligence, sincerely and deeply religious, speaking not by rote but from an experience genuinely sensitive to cosmic beauty.

"Old Lamps for New" is a collection of new and old essays which present the familiar doctrines of theosophy in a most attractive form. All modern philosophies —neo-realism, neo-idealism, Bergsonianism, and the rest—are laboring hard to incorporate Einstein and Relativity; perhaps theosophy, though less modern than the others, has less difficulty than any of them in this task; at least, the essay "Time is a dream" is one of the most satisfactory in Mr. Bragdon's volume. There are also many notable sayings upon art, such as "the creator of beauty is subjectively a mathematician whether he knows aught of mathematics or not." Should modern civilization go to pieces, theosophy is the only popular religion which would without difficulty survive the change. In that event, Mr. Bragdon would undoubtedly come to be considered one of the great writers of the present period. Meanwhile, without so considering him, and without agreeing with more than a fraction of what he says, we may still welcome and thoroughly enjoy his work.

PORTRAITS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Historic and Literary. By C. SAINTE-BEUVE. Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley and George Burnham Ives. Putnams. 2 vols.

The most famous work of Sainte-Beuve is already available in so many editions that this new collection and translation may, at first sight, appear unnecessary. But the translator has done her work so well that the two beautiful volumes, with their wealth of illustrations, mostly reproductions of old steel engravings, will tempt many readers to substitute them for the familiar editions. The editors have taken some justifiable liberties with their author. The portraits are compiled from the "Causeries du Lundi," the "Portraits de Femmes" and the "Portraits Littéraires." In some instances they have combined separate essays on the same person, avoiding the inevitable repetitions by excision. There was not such a good case for excluding Sainte-Beuve's "discussions on style" in which some of his best literary criticism is contained. But these volumes, when all is said, contain the cream of the author's work. It is as easy to over-rate Sainte-Beuve as it is to under-rate him and criticism has been fairly divided in both respects as to his critical ability. He owes more than the famous critics usually owe to the work of journeymen *littérateurs*. Like Augustine Birrell he writes best when he has some book on which to base his essay, although the book, very often, is not mentioned in the essay it provokes. There was no intention of concealment in this habit. It must never be forgotten that Sainte-Beuve, though he was a critic, was first of all a *causeur*. A fine test of any man's critical power is to examine what he has to say about an alien literature. Sainte-Beuve passes this test with his colors flying, for his opinions and dissertations on English literature and English characters are sounder than his countrymen have generally written. The essay on Lord Chesterfield, for instance, is a great achievement for a Frenchman. For though Chesterfield had many Gallic traits in his character, he was essentially a product of Eighteenth Century England. Moreover, on account of his "quarrel" with Dr. Johnson, history has tended to overlook many of his finest qualities, his breadth of mind, his tolerance and intellectual equipment. Sainte-Beuve is not distracted by any such popular misunderstandings. He sees to the heart and mind of his man and draws an extremely sensitive portrait against the background of the Eighteenth Century. As a commentary on the greatest figures in the France of that cycle these two volumes would be hard to surpass. The translators have employed a clean, nervous English throughout and the volumes are beautifully printed and bound.

ESSAYISTS PAST AND PRESENT. Collected by J. B. PRIESTLEY. Dial. 1925. $1.50.

This is a collection of essays from the days of Steele and Addison to our own time of Robert Lynd and Hillaire Belloc. Mr. Priestley has made his selection with an effort to stimulate taste by giving samples of the delectable dishes to be found at the English literary board. Eschewing more weighty material he has confined his choice to the "personal essay," keeping in mind De Quincey's distinction between Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power. Among the contents are Swift's "A Country Visit," Lamb's "Imperfect Sympathies," Hazlitt's "Merry England," Thackeray's "De Finibus," Stevenson's "The Lantern-Bearers," and Chesterton's "A Piece of Chalk." It is a delightful and scholarly volume and serves to remind the reader of an easy and gentlemanly method of composition that is fast passing out of fashion.

MEN, WOMEN AND COLLEGES. By *Le Baron R. Briggs*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

SILHOUETTES. By *Sir Edmund Gosse*. Scribners. $2.75.

FALSTAFF AND OTHER SHAKESPEAREAN TOPICS. By *Albert H. Tolman*. Macmillan. $2.50.

Biography

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER: Master of Trinity College, Cambridge (1886-1918). A Memoir by His Son. (J. R. M. BUTLER). Longmans, Green. 1925. $4.50.

Quite apart from its high merits as a biography this book may be read for its very entertaining pictures of university life and politics in Cambridge, England, from 1886 to 1918. That Dons are not necessarily dull, as the old undergraduate burthen goes, is once more disproved by the life story of one of them, also one of the most famous of his own times. Butler came to Trinity after his short occupancy of the Deanery of Gloucester. Thus the son's book takes up the biographical tale almost where Mr. Edward Graham, the Harrow biographer, left off. As Headmaster of Harrow for twenty-six years (he was appointed at the exceptionally early age of twenty-six) Butler's experience was not altogether unsuited to the duties of the new appointment. But where at Harrow he had been an autocrat, as his position demanded, at Trinity he was "all that a wise man ever wishes to be", head of a constitutional government. The accounts, with which this biography is crowded, of his dealings with the Fellows and Council of his College are of so many little masterpieces of tact and skill in managing difficult affairs. Butler's literary tastes, his speeches, conversations, and even his sermons are mellowed and gracious, like one of his own wines; to spend an hour among them in the pages of his biography is a delightful experience.

HAIL AND FAREWELL. By GEORGE MOORE. Revised Edition. Doran. 1925. $7.50.

This, the juiciest, the wittiest, and the most characteristic of all George Moore's books is reissued in two volumes, with a new preface introducing and reviewing the work. Mr. Moore discovers that, as with the pre-Raphaelites, it is nature not art that produced his masterpiece, the unsurpassable human nature of Ireland; indeed, no writer could add to the humors of Yeats, Lady Gregory, and AE, when in their Celtic poses. It is a witty preface to a witty book, and if Mr. Moore insists upon dropping Whistler's last name as unworthy of a man with M'Neill for his middle name, he takes no more liberty there than everywhere in the impudent and delightful book which he reintroduces.

THE TRAGIC LIFE OF VINCENT VAN GOGH. By LOUIS PIERARD. Translated by Herbert Garland. Houghton Mifflin. 1925.

To what is generally known about Van Gogh M. Piérard has contributed a thorough investigation of the painter's efforts as an evangelist among the Belgian coal miners, with some additional information concerning his artistic beginnings at Antwerp. The rest is a rather heavy-handed compilation from familiar authorities. The value of the revelations is obviously relative to the reader's attitude toward poor Vincent. The cult will naturally rejoice in new evidence increasing the mass of energetic frenzy formerly on record. Others may feel that heaping up already abundant evidence that Vincent was always nearly mad merely tends to confuse what is unimportant—his madness, with what

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is important—his unique lyrical gift. The book is of good English make with many illustrations and as covers, a gorgeously colored end-paper, which seems more appropriate symbolically than practically durable.

SIX PRISONS AND TWO REVOLUTIONS. By OLIVER BALDWIN. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $3.

Although the author of this book, as the title suggests, had the pleasure of studying the interior of six prisons and the exterior of two revolutions, he does not seem to have learned any great wisdom from his experiences or to have progressed through the purgatory of trial to a paradise free from calling bad names. It appears that Oliver Baldwin, who is the son of Premier Baldwin of England, was invited to go to Armenia as an army instructor in 1920. What followed caused him some trouble and the present volume. As the publishers of the book say: "The fact that his life was constantly in peril seems to have left him unmoved." We wish it hadn't left him so unmoved, for then his story might have been a bit more interesting.

MEMORIES OF NINETY YEARS. By MRS. E. M. WARD. Holt. 1925. $5.

This polite volume is preëminently the chronicle of a lady. Mrs. E. M. Ward is an R. A. in her own right, as well as granddaughter, niece, and wife of Royal Academicians. An adored only child, she was from an early age gaily at home in that distinguished circle. She had a picture accepted by the Academy at fourteen; at fourteen and a half, she was engaged to Edward Ward, the promising young artist, whom she afterwards married. Both of them acquired early recognition, and such a company of friends among the significant painters, writers, and musicians of the day, that the book is heavily embroidered with great names. Too often the names remain names and no more, for Mrs. Ward does not habitually admit us to her reflections. Nevertheless, here are Tom Moore, and Frith, friends of her childhood; and Wilkie Collins acting "Fairy Godmother" to her secret wedding. Here are the young Millais, and Lewis Carroll; a visit to Paris with Charles Dickens and his wife; Jenny Lind singing alone in Burnham Beeches; Victoria whipping manners into the young Kaiser-to-be.

Although the book is a long record of artistic and social events, without much comment, one lays it down with an increased sense that these people lived and were, because a nice little lady who knew them, tells us so.

MEMOIR OF THOMAS BEWICK written by Himself 1822-1828. With an introduction by SELWYN IMAGE. Dial. 1925.

It is strange that Thomas Bewick's autobiography has had to wait eighty-three years for a second edition, and one is correspondingly grateful to the publishers who challenge our undue forgetfulness of one of the best autobiographies in the language. Everything that the aged master wood-engraver set down for his children is as sound and fragrant as the box-tree from which his blocks were made. His English is as racy and telling as those sparse firm shoves of the graver which we read in expressive white line on thousands of woodcuts each a little masterpiece of understanding, simple fine-feeling, and often of quiet good humor.

So the reader should be left the full joy of following the truant lad of Cherry-burn farm through high adventures with birds and beasts and fish, through acquaintance with wastrels, ballad singers, and dour heroic yeomen of the North Country, to that industrious apprenticeship which was to revolutionize an art, and to that sturdy old age which was to speculate wisely on liberty and social inequality, on essential religion versus theological vanities, on war and destructive national ambitions. So foursquare massive and genial a book simply has to be read entire. Samples will no more tell the tale than would sample draughts adequately "lowsen the skin" of that admirable Johnny Chapman, whose portrait in these pages is merely one of many masterpieces. However eugenists will thank your reviewer for quoting—"If the same pains were taken in breeding mankind that gentlemen have bestowed upon the breeding of horses and dogs, human nature might, as it were, be new modelled."

Were a nation-wide organization of Back to Bewick clubs possible, our social and political maladies would be on the way to recovery. Failing that, there is in this wise and friendly book rich solace for the discriminating few. Mental hygiene could find no more beneficial regimen than a Bewick daily dozen reckoned alternately in pages and woodcuts.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN BURROUGHS. By *Clara Barrus*. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. $12.50.
THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. By *James Boswell*. Edited by *Arnold Glover*. Dutton. 3 vols.
THE LAST YEARS OF RODIN. By *Marcelle Tirel*. McBride. $2.50 net.
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THE SHORT JOURNAL AND ITINERARY JOURNALS OF GEORGE FOX. Edited by *Norman Penney*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).
JOHN S. SARGENT: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By *William Howe Downes*. Little, Brown. $8 net.
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Drama

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THE WORKS OF EUGENE O'NEILL. Boni & Liveright. 4 vols. $2.50 each.
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THE MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF. By *Ashley Dukes*. Doran. $1.25 net.
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1924-1925. By *Barns Mantle*. Small, Maynard. $3 net.

Economics

PRIVATE OWNERSHIP OR SOCIALISM. By SCOVILLE HAMLIN. Dorrance. 1925. $2.

One of the several general impressions the reader carries away from this book is that, in the mind of the author, civilization, private property, and the Constitution of the United States are synonomously sacred terms. Another is that taxation is somehow the open door to public ownership and that, said door being at present wide open, "the flood tide of Socialism" is about to roll in. Still another is that Mr. Hamlin, having written many paragraphs based on many notes, used no more supra-logical method of joining his paragraphs than paste pot and shears.

Education

THE ONE-TEACHER SCHOOL IN DELAWARE. By *Richard Watson Cooper* and *Hermann Cooper*. University of Delaware Press.
ENGLISH REVIEW GRAMMAR. By *Walter Kay Smart*. New York: Crofts. $1.25.
OVID'S METAMORPHISES. By *Arthur W. Roberts and John C. Rolfe*. Scribners. 80 cents.
EDUCATION AS WORLD-BUILDING. By *Thomas Davidson*. Harvard University Press. $1.50.
LA BUCHE. By *Anatole France*. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.
TEACHING HIGH SCHOOL LATIN. By *Josiah B. Game*. University of Chicago Press. $2.
THE EDUCATION OF THE MODERN BOY. Small, Maynard. $3 net.

Fiction

GAMBRINUS AND OTHER STORIES. By ALEXANDER KUPRIN. New York: The Adelphi Co. 1925. $2.

Kuprin is an artist who is remarkably congenial to the Western mind; he never disturbs it. Revolutions may come and go, war may murder, wrong may crush. "Beauty is Truth, Truth beauty," smiles Kuprin as he polishes a sentence in "Sulamith" or "Gambrinus". Add to this the undisputed fact of his being an extraordinarily accomplished if not a profoundly significant writer and you have everything a bored intelligentsia needs.

The crux of the matter is that Kuprin's attitude towards his subject is generally that of an Oxford gentleman towards a cockney,—one of detached interest. Thus, like Gorki, Kuprin chooses picaresque material with much relish; but the two men are at opposite sides of the fence. One is sure that Kuprin is taking notes and remarking to invisible friends, "Charming, isn't it?"

This, is, however, as much his strength as it is his limitation; it affords him a perspective such as Gorki often lacks, and the result is formal beauty unsurpassed except in the very finest passages of Russian literature. "Gambrinus," with its single, undisturbed focus, is a last word in such a distillation; but it is more than that. Somehow Russian authors are at their best when they write

(Continued on next page)

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The New Books
Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of violins; from "Gambrinus" the mind inevitably lilts to the gypsy music of Gorki's superb "Makar Chudra," to "Rothschild's Fiddle" and to Tolstoy, who loved music so that he tried to hate it. The incubus of this passion looks at us this time out of the pale countenance of Sascha, grand-fiddler of the beer-saloon and fisherman's dive, the Gambrinus. The worship of its denizens is infectious, and to us, too, Sascha playing fiddle or, when he loses his arm, blowing a penny-reed throughout the vicissitudes of the Russia of the first decade, is something of a hero. The war with Japan, the pogrom, the prison, and torture alternately claim him; each time, however, he reappears unbroken in spirit much to the delight of his motley audience and his author who rhapsodically epitomizes: "Nothing matters! Man may be crippled but art will endure all things, and will all things conquer."

In comparison with "Gambrinus," the other stories in the volume are slight, indeed, appearing more like sketches for stories than stories themselves. Their picaresque obsession is, however, picturesque, and in the beautiful translation Mr. Gurney has made, they glow with poetry. This is especially true of "Roach Hole" with its Rudinesque characterization and its filaments of pain.

WHAT A MAN WANTS. By HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

We wonder if wistfulness is not the really salient characteristic of after-war fiction, the "new" manner or the old? The wistfulness of a race groping, blinking through the mist, for it knows not what—something to steer by, something to steer for, something to avoid or something to attain? The word "quest" occurs almost monotonously in current titles, but we rarely find any distinct objective in view. These young seekers are in pursuit of no definite goal or grail: they are seeking something to seek. If they only knew where they were going or what they were after, there were some point in being on their way. The old landmarks are worthless, the old charts are laughable, never mind that. But what is the voyage about? Who put us aboard, and where do we get off?

Such is the theme once more dealt with, superfluously, in "What a Man Wants." We say superfluously because the author brings no fresh vision or creative impulse to his task. He has simply written yet another novel of a too-easily recognizable kind: a "life" story focusing upon the period since the war. Ammiel Spottswood is the queer stick in a conventional family. He has inherited humor from a grandfather who recognizes their kinship before death parts them. Ammiel doesn't know enough to pretend to think what other people think. He cannot even pull a long face about the war, though he plays his part in it creditably. In short, he takes nothing seriously except his right to take everything as a jest. He is, to tell the truth, rather tediously unconventional and whimsical. However, he has a heart of gold and a head of some practical usefulness. His grandfather's belated legacy, apparently thrown away, brings him in a handsome profit; and he has no difficulty in taking over the control of his uncle's business when that *worthy has a nervous break-down*. In fact, he sets the business on its feet, and gets a thrill out of it. Is this what he wants? Well, partly, maybe; but there is Annette, the French girl whom he has chanced on in war-time Paris, and whom fate has brought to America and to his very door.

"Careful!" she warns him, as the curtain falls, "Ambition will get you if you don't watch out. And I may—have to be proud of you. Do you want that?"

"I guess," he answered thoughtfully, "that's what I *do* want."

Not an heroic reward of all our seeking—if indeed we have expected anything of the kind, from the consciously whimsical outset. The people of this book are made, not born, and the action is ground out. There ought to be a law against it.

THE ISLES OF WISDOM. Translated from the German of Alexander Moszcowski by H. J. Stenning. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $3.

Satirists seem to have discovered more islands than the most intrepid explorers. Alexander Moszcowski learned the whereabouts of perhaps the latest group by deciphering a code; and having interested a millionaire with a yacht, he led a party to the South Seas to visit them. It is probable that the Isles of Wisdom were quite close to Miss Macaulay's Orphan Island, but in all but space they were as distant as the moon. The Isles of Wisdom were inhabited by no Victorian castaways isolated from human progress but by ancient and indigenous races quite familiar with European culture, and quite in advance of it.

These contrasts between the two books—to cease comparing them as islands—lead to the other contrasts. Moszcowski is what Miss Macaulay is not—an imaginative satirist. Contemporary satire—and with it, for the most part, Miss Macaulay's—is almost photographic: the implications in "Babbitt" arise from the picture of Babbitt, in "Queen Victoria" from the picture of Queen Victoria, in "Orphan Island" from the picture of Orphan Island—an antipodean, but nearly photographic picture of Victorian England. Moszcowski takes no snapshots, but like Swift paints pictures with a fertile and spirited imagination. And yet, if he is unlike Rose Macaulay, he is equally unlike Swift, for the marvels he contemplates are purely intellectual marvels. It is not human nature he encounters, but the experiments and delusions and at intervals the triumphs of the mind.

As satire with any direct point, the book drags a wing from the start—it first makes *reductiones ad absurdum* of human philosophies, and then tries them out in concrete practice. Now satire can legitimately and effectively reduce *human* practices and habits to the absurd; but when it distorts formulas of life which even without distortion are unworkable, the satire has no force because it has no pertinence. "You want to alter the fundamental nature of men," one of Moszcowski's companions accuses an inhabitant of the Island of Perversions; and it is just such an inadmissible alteration that Moszcowski uses as the basis of his satire. No one will deny that these islanders, living by single formulas, are comical, deluded, and absurd. But almost every one will deny that (except in some of the concrete details) these islanders represent even the extremes of human tendencies. To show him up more forcefully, you can exaggerate and caricature the *genus homo* all you want; but you cannot show him up by creating a different *genus*. These philosophies, a different one on every island, make life one-dimensional where even science must leave it at three. Hence the book wears down to nothing more than a laugh at the intellect, and a demonstration of the practical ineffectiveness of human philosophies. As such, it is simply a roundabout demonstration of the finity and futility of thought.

But if its satire lacks immediacy, the

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book itself is full of delightful stimulation for the mind, and, on a small scale, of very successful target-shooting. Moszcowski has a splendid imagination and an impressive culture. He has also a good sense of the ridiculous, so that the details by which the various islands put their philosophies into effect are often quite funny. Freshly and forcefully translated, "The Isles of Wisdom" is never boring, as are many satires of far greater significance. Moszcowski gives you some mentally diverting islands, and there is after all no necessity that they have much in common with real ones.

A TRIANGLE. By MAURICE BARING. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

At first glance, the triangle appears to comprise Aston, Poynet, and Mrs. Poynet. After careful reading, the triangle resolves itself into Aston, a great love, and a great Catholic inhibition. The story is told by three witnesses; told with a quiet restraint which gives it immense force. It is a story of emotion at the breaking point, which never quite breaks; somber and tragic where it might easily have been shrill. A non-Catholic reader finds it difficult to realize the strength of an inhibition against divorce which will drive a man voluntarily to relinquish a marriage he desires above all things; a marriage otherwise ideal. To the non-Catholic reader, therefore, the renunciation which is the climax of this story will probably seem perplexing and disappointing.

Catholic and non-Catholic will be puzzled to discover Baring's own conclusions in the matter. He presents a purely Catholic situation, in which the prescribed renunciation brings no reward of happiness nor spiritual satisfaction. Things begin with a restrained mess; a mess remains. Baring is a distinguished Catholic, a confrère of the jubilant Belloc and the bouncing Chesterton; yet he presents a situation profoundly disquieting to Catholic and non-Catholic alike. It is difficult to interpret this book otherwise than as a protest; the protest of a loyal Catholic against an intolerable conflict engendered by an article of the Faith.

OH, THE BRAVE MUSIC. By RICHARD BLAKER. Doran. 1925. $2.50.

This is a story of muddling middle class English existence, with the *dea ex machina* in the form of Laura, the maid of all work. Its humor is very English.

THE SCAR. By DEREK VANE. Clode. 1925. $2.

This engrossing tale of blackmail and intrigue holds the reader's attention from the first paragraph and never lets go until the word "Finis" appears. From the time the South African hero sees "The Woman with the Scar" in the waxworks that went Madame Tussaud's one better, until Belle, the huge and savage cat tracks one of the villains to his doom, the suspense is kept up and one reader at least, until two o'clock in the morning. "The Scar" is a ripping yarn.

Y'UNDERSTAND. By MONTAGUE GLASS. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

Perhaps the snows of yester-year would not look so inviting if we could actually recover them. At any rate, this volume of short stories by Montague Glass in his old style suffers by contrast with the more spontaneous wit of Donald Ogden Stewart. Ring Lardner, and the Cuckoo School to which we have become accustomed in the long years since Abe and Mawruss lapsed into silence. There is plenty of verve and cleverness in these stories but they obstinately remain outmoded. The effect of the whole thing is like that of a very good joke the second or third time repeated.

OLD YOUTH. By CONINGSBY DAWSON. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1925. $2.

Mr. Dawson, always facile, has turned his pen in later years to the service of those millions who find in Mr. Hearst's magazines the mirror of life. This public demands a setting of wealth, etiquette or better still, daring lack of it, butlers, and appropriate sophisticated small talk; provided the glamour is there the story however slim can be made to last indefinitely. Mr. Dawson's theme in this novel is stretched over too many pages toward the end, after a beginning which catches no small degree of interest. Eve Greensleeve, a beautiful widow in the maturity of the late thirties, finds the walls of life's routine in a suburban community, under the domination of a family of in-laws, growing closer about her. A lover of her youth returns. Eve reaches for her youth again. The breaking of the ties of place and past is not easy, and there are many obstacles to old youth blooming anew in a love for Dick Chauncey—himself a widower with a rare daughter, Jacqueline. The later chapters will satisfy, in their philosophy and robertchambered setting that public already referred to; they will hardly add to Mr. Dawson's reputation.

GOD HEAD. By LEONARD CLINE. The Viking Press. 1925. $2.

This is a provoking first novel. It is an obvious attempt on the part of Mr. Cline to write with a difference. His theme, adultery, is commonplace enough, but he has invested it with the glamour of an exotic atmosphere. He chose for his setting a Finnish hamlet on the shore of Lake Superior, he developed his plot in a manner parallel to certain incidents taken from a famous Finnish epic; and he drew his characters in emulation of the heroic style of epic poetry. The result is a story of crude power, of unusual but uneven merit.

Paulus Kempf, in turn surgeon, artist, and labor agitator, is compelled to flee for his life while fomenting a strike among Finnish miners. He is picked up in a feverish state by Karl, a gigantic, simple-natured Finn, and nursed back to health by Aino, Karl's young wife. As he recuperates he comes to see himself in the guise of a superman; among the naive, superstitious Finns he appears an intellectual giant. He takes advantage of his superiority and terrorizes the gullible inhabitants. He acts as if intellectually and sexually inebriated. He begins to lust for the handsome body of Aino, and after months of heroic resistance Aino yields, and he takes complete possession of her. By this time he regards himself a very demigod, and when Karl returns he kills him by a clever ruse. The story is related by the hero himself, and the weakness of the method is the more glaring because of the author's technical inexperience.

What is remarkable about this book is not so much the exotic atmosphere or the creation of epic character but the untamed passion which is let lose in its pages.

This depiction of passion would have been even more remarkable were there not a certain unreality about both characters. Mr. Cline idealizes them, giving them mythical stature. We cannot forget that they live more in the mind of the author than on the pages of the book.

MONDAY MORNING. By PATRICK HAMILTON. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.

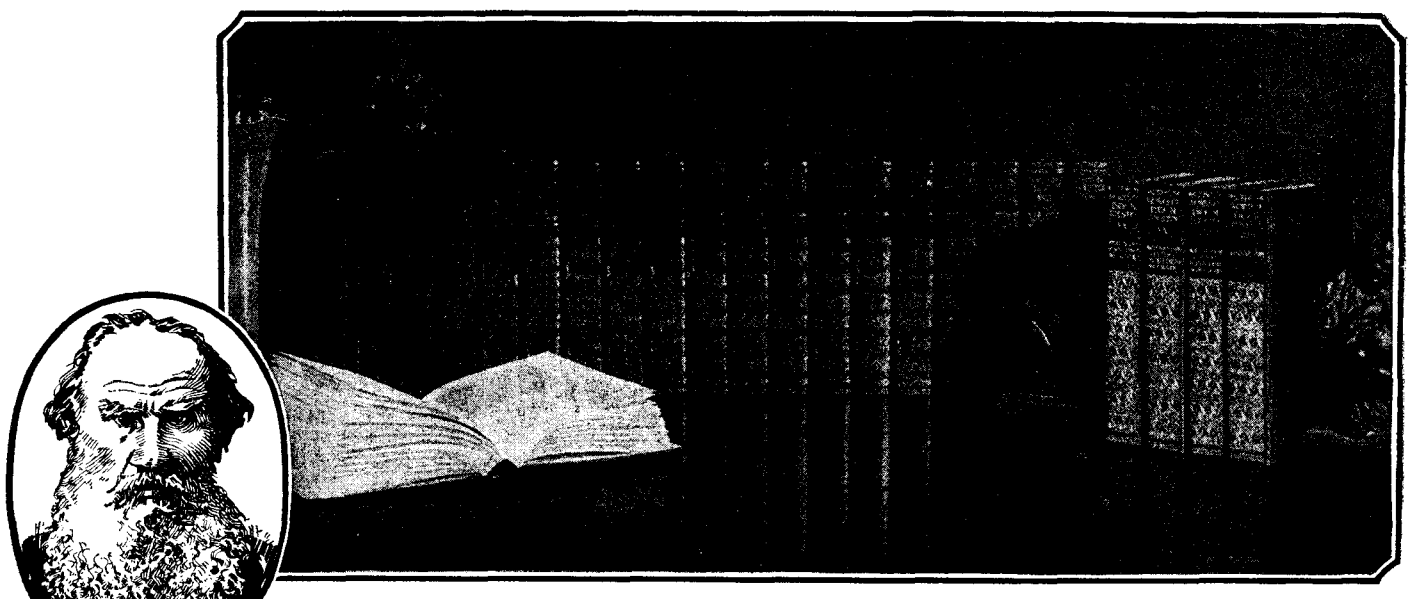
This is an excellent first novel written in high spirits to describe the delightful fatuity of youth. Not many young writers have seen so clearly as Mr. Hamilton through their own foibles and follies, for quite obviously there is a large autobiographical background to the book. A boy fresh from an English public school comes to London where he begins the more serious business of life by starting the inevitable novel (why is it that so many heroes of modern novels are novelists?) and falling in love. Mr. Hamilton's careful analysis and humorous description of the love affair is a little triumph in the study of human nature. He traces the incipient stages of calf-love with unerring skill and tact and never allows himself to become too serious. This is the sign of a mature and (in the best sense of the word) precocious mind and the reviewer is tempted to prophesy good work to come from the author's pen when he attempts a larger subject. His only error has been to end the book by guiding the love affair to success. Endings are difficult when we are dealing with youthful characters. Mr. Hamilton at least, does not write a last page like the last page of his hero's novel. This is how it read—"He stood for a long time at the window. From below he could hear the hoarse cries of the newsboys rushing down the street. One by one the strange lights of the night peeped forth, dashed with mystery. Somewhere a barrel-organ began to play. . . ." A good piece of parody which reveals that Mr. Hamilton has passed through the rawer stages of his determination to be a novelist.

THE MAKROPOULOS SECRET. By KAREL CAPEK. Boston: Luce. 1925.

If you had the power of accepting immortality, eternal life on earth, what would *you* do about it? This is the theme of Capek's latest play.

What is commonly called "melodrama" with so much disparagement by the more critically minded amongst us, is probably only a third- or fourth-rate dramatist's attempt to handle a theme too big for him. Shaw's, Ibsen's, Hauptmann's, O'Neill's, themes and plots would turn sawdust in most cases were they handled with less than genius. And here is Capek skating along on inch-thick ice across one of the bottomless lakes of human speculation, and miraculously reaching the dim other side without once wetting a foot in bathos, without once missing a stroke in the deftly calculated stride he sets out with. It is remarkable "theatre," remarkable drama, but it is more.

(*Continued on next page*)



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Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

It is a shrewdly thought-out thinking, and the writer's "conclusion"—if we may call it that so crudely—is in striking antithesis to Shaw's in "Back to Methuselah." Who has experienced the one ought certainly to experience the other. Shaw portrays the great advantages to civilization of supperannuatedness, and this play does too; but to finally discredit these considerations by forcing upon us one profound thought which to him outweighs all others. Human illusions are, he insists, what keeps people alive and planning, hoping, striving. But illusions cannot survive even a century of living. Let the immortal encompass the whole world, all knowledge, all skills, all languages, all sensations, but he will lose his own soul, that labyrinth of illusion in which he must ever trot blissfully around. Then inevitably will come that surpassing ennui which passes utterly the understanding of one of who has not felt it, who has not lived 300 years! But the play is art, and its function as the vehicle of an individual conviction is rightly subordinate. One itches to stage it, to produce it in impressionistic guise, to make a quivering, thrilling portrayal of the challenging but unanswerable paradox it propounds..

CAMILLE. By *Alexandre Dumas, fils.* Modern Library. 95 cents.
FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY. By *Elmer Davis.* McBride. $2 net.
SHELTER. By *Charles Fielding Marsh.* Appleton. $2.
IL NOVELLINO. Translated from the Italian by *Edward Storer.* Dutton. $3.
THE HISTORY OF THE DAMNABLE LIFE AND DESERVED DEATH OF DOCTOR JOHN FAUSTUS. Modernized and edited by *William Rose.* Dutton. $3.
DAYS OF '49. By *Gordon Young.* Doran. $2 net.
BREAD AND CIRCUSES. By *W. E. Woodward.* Harpers. $2.
MANHATTAN TRANSFER. By *John Dos Passos.* Harpers. $2.
THE SPLENDID SUMMITS. By *Charles Alexander.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

Government

AMERICAN CITY GOVERNMENT. By WILLIAM ANDERSON. Holt. 1925. $5.

This book of Professor Anderson's is compendious and accurate. It will at once become a standard treatment of the subject. It has all the virtues, the completeness, the citations, and the guides to sources that belong to a well prepared text, plus a readableness not frequently achieved in works brought out for this clientèle. The emphasis is upon present needs and problems and there is an attempt to suggest the social and economic implications of the subject. The author sets forth the pros and cons of most of the points, but invariably makes clear his own preferences. The chief defect of the work is its length. It is doubtful if many readers outside of academic circles will plough through its 675 pages. The author seems to be willing to assume nothing but complete unfamiliarity with government on the part of his readers, but one who has had much experience with college classes or with the general public will hesitate to pronounce this assumption unwarranted.

THE FORMATIVE PERIOD OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM. By W. P. G. HARDING. Houghton Mifflin. 1925.

The history of the Federal Reserve System, during and immediately after, the Great War will never lose its interest and importance to the student of American finance. That history covers not only the formative period of the system regarded merely as an adjunct of organized American banking, but also the period when it had to withstand the strains of war and post-war finance. The Reserve System was almost ruthlessly used by the government during the war—and even after the Armistice—as an adjunct of the Treasury. Subsequently when depleted reserves necessitated curtailment of credit to protect the gold basis of our whole money and credit structure, the Reserve authorities were charged with the responsibility of the *débâcle* of 1920. Consequently, it is desirable in the interest of just understanding and appraisal that those on the "inside" during these trying years tell what they know of what transpired. H. Parker Willis has supplied a critical account of the origin and enactment of the Reserve Act, and there is ready, also, his study of the operation of the System. Of unusual interest, however is the volume just published "The Formative Period of the Federal Reserve System," by W. P. G. Harding, former Governor of the System. Mr. Harding's narrative is purely personal—but is the more valuable because of this. Inevitably he defends the work and policies of the system, but he does it graciously and not too vehemently. He speaks frankly of Secretary McAdoo, of John Skelton Williams and of others, but his criticisms are never tinged with bitterness and his concern is about views and policies rather than personalities. He is also little concerned about detail. The book is a needed and valuable contribution to current economic literature. It will be read, certainly with interest and probably with sympathy, by all students of American banking.

PROGRESS AND THE CONSTITUTION. By *Newton D. Baker.* Scribners. $1.25
MATERIALS ILLUSTRATIVE OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. *By Rodney L. Mott.* Century. $3.
AMERICAN CITY GOVERNMENT. By *William Anderson.* Holt. $5.
THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By *Thomas James Norton.* Little, Brown. $2 net.
AMERICAN CITY GOVERNMENT. By *William Anderson.* Holt. $5.

History

THE MAKING OF MODERN ITALY. By ARRIGO SOLMI. Macmillan. 1925.

This little history, for such it is, is predicated on the assumption that it is more profitable to read a history of Italy written by an Italian than by a foreigner. This is of course an assertion which has been debated, possibly all down the ages, and to which no final answer can be given. In both cases there are obvious disadvantages and obvious advantages. In the volume under review the disadvantages outweigh the advantages.

Professor Solmi writes crisply the history of the Italian peninsula from 1814 to the end of the Great War. It is an immense field to cover in 212 pages, but it is covered and covered interestingly and adequately. There are, however, many other small books which deal with this period just as well and more arrestingly. One is therefore led to think that the reason for the existence of this book is that the author is Italian and that he has a new interpretation of his country to give to English-speaking readers.

Unfortunately, this supposition is not justified. Professor Solmi has nothing new to offer. He gives an Italian view of the rise of Italy, and, for an Italian, he gives it critically; but because he is an Italian he also gives it with patriotic enthusiasm, and this naturally impairs the value of his book as history. The true purpose of the book seems to be an attempt for effect: an unconscious indictment of Fascism, the despoiler of Italian tradition. In other words the book, which does not contain any mention of Mussolini or his Fascisti, is meant to supply background to the events which even now are shaking the foundations of Rome.

ROME OF THE KINGS. By IDA THALLON HILL. Dutton. 1925. $3.

This somewhat prosy compilation of archæological data, bearing on the narratives of Livy and Virgil, has not enough zest to attract the general reader, nor enough originality to interest the serious scholar. Its aim is to provide archæological backgrounds for its classics, in a semi-popular form appropriate to that large if partly reluctant company distinguished by the publishers as, "students and teachers of either Roman history or the Latin language."

Professor Hill has to a large extent avoided theories. Her rehearsal of facts begins with a study, from tombs and implements, of the pre-Roman stocks in the Italian peninsula, and the relations of the early peoples of Venetia, Etruria, and Latium to Greece. The Roman forum, the growth of the city, and its gradual conquests of the Campagna and Etruria, together with a chapter on early temples, and another on the prehistoric remains in various Italian museums, comprise the substance of the work. For all its valuable material, the book drones, as required reading is supposed to do, in classrooms where the majesty of Rome is exchanged for a chemical analysis of dust.

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WHEN AMERICA WAS YOUNG. By JOHN T. FARIS. Harpers. 1925. $6.

It is rather pleasant to feel that we are at last mature enough to look back with elderly amusement upon the doings of our youth. Such is the attitude of this rambling, leisurely volume which contains much curious lore of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods concerning industries, houses and cities, post-roads, lotteries, pirates, duels, and canals. It is not so much a book as a curio shop of valuable antiques, with the customary quaint old pictures on the walls. A vast amount of industry has gone into the collection. It is a pleasant place in which to loiter, thumbing George Washington's letters in the *American Weekly Mercury* of 1725, and a useful place to have at hand when seeking for any particular article in our too quickly forgotten past.

THE TAMING OF THE FRONTIER. Edited by DUNCAN AIKMAN. Minton, Balch. 1925. $3.

Under this overly spacious title Mr. Aikman has gathered journalistic sketches of ten American cities by as many different authors and presented them apparently as a protest against standardization and the consequent loss of individuality. The result is a fairly entertaining volume of light stuff without anything of the artistic touch to make the past live again in searching phrases or to make the contrast with the present significant, poignant or even mildly regrettable. The cities thus swiftly sketched from their beginnings to our own time are San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, El Paso, Ogden, Denver, St. Paul, Kansas City, Cheyenne, San Antonio. The book is interestingly illustrated with drawings of these cities as they were before standardization set in.

FACTORS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By *A. F. Pollard*. Macmillan. $2.50.
THE GREAT HISTORIANS. By *Kenneth Bell and Gladys M. Morgan*. Macmillan. $3.25.
AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By *James Mabor*. Dutton. 2 vols.
RUSSIA. By *Valentina O'Hara and N. Makeev*. Scribners. $3.
NORWAY. By *G. Gathorne Hardy*. Scribners. $3.
POLITICAL CHANGES IN MASSACHUSETTS. By *Arthur B. Darling*. Yale University Press. $4.
GOLD OF OPHIR. By *Sydney Greenbie and Marjorie Greenbie*. Doubleday, Page. $4 net.
MESOPOTAMIA. By *L. Delaporte*. Knopf. $5.
STATE RIGHTS IN THE CONFEDERACY. By *Frank Lawrence Owsley*. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.
BUFFALO DAYS. By *Homer W. Wheeler*. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.
THE BEGINNINGS OF HISTORY ACCORDING TO THE JEWS. By *Charles Prosper Fagnan*. A. & C. Boni. $1.
A HISTORY OF EUROPE. By *Ferdinand Schevill*. Harcourt, Brace.
RELIGION, COMMERCE, LIBERTY. By *J. W. Headwine*. Longmans, Green. $3.75.
GENERAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD. By *Victor Duruy*. Crowell. $4 net.
HISTORY OF THE LATIN AMERICAN NATIONS. By *William Spence Robertson*. Appleton. $4.
ORIGIN OF THE WHIG PARTY. By *E. Malcolm Carroll*. Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. $2.50.
THE EVERLASTING MAN. By *G. K. Chesterton*. Dodd, Mead. $3.
THE JESUIT RELATIONS. Edited by *Edna Kenton*. A. & C. Boni. $5.
A SHORT HISTORY OF AMERICAN RAILWAYS. By *Slasson Thompson*. Appleton. $2.
THE DAYS OF ALKIBIADES. By *C. E. Robinson*. Longmans, Green. $2.50.
A HISTORY OF THE PHARAOHS. By *Arthur Weigall*. Dutton. $6.

International

THE PROBLEM OF INTERNATIONAL SANCTIONS. By *D. Mitrany*. Oxford University Press. 85 cents.
THE COMMISSION FOR RELIEF IN BELGIUM. By *George I. Gay*. Commission for Relief in Belgium.
CHINA'S NEW NATIONALISM AND OTHER ESSAYS. By *Harley Farnsworth MacNair*. Shanghai, China: Commercial Press.
ISRAEL. By *Ludwig Lewisohn*. Boni & Liveright. $3.
SUPERSTITION OR RATIONALITY IN ACTION FOR PEACE? By *A. V. Lundstedt*. Longmans. $4.50.
THE CONSTITUTION AT THE CROSSROADS. By *Edward A. Harriman*. Doran. $3 net.
DOLLAR DIPLOMACY. By *Scott Nearing and Joseph Freeman*. Huebsch-Viking Press. $2.50.
THE PATHWAY OF PEACE. By *Charles Evans Hughes*. Harpers. $1.
THE GREAT PACIFIC WAR. By *Hector Bywater*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Juvenile

FIREWEED. By ETHEL COOK ELIOT. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $1.75.

A story for girls, by the author of "The Wind Boy" which she wrote for children of the fairy-tale age. Here you have a good, human story about a heroine of sixteen, who dreams of being an actress, and for whom the dream comes true. Mrs. Eliot can be recommended as a workman like, if not an inspired, writer for girls.

THE WONDER HAT AND OTHER ONE ACT PLAYS. By KENNETH SAWYER GOODMAN and BEN HECHT. Appleton. 1925. $1.75.

During the last five years or so "The Wonder Hat" has delighted Little Theatre audiences all over the country and now it is available with four other plays by the same authors in a new and revised edition. None of these, however, seem as spontaneous and successful as this earlier fantasy of the further adventures of Columbine, Panchinello, Pierrot, and Harlequin, and of the wonder hat which made the wearer invisible and so able "to exist only in his own mind." Of the other four;—"The Two Lamps" is a spy melodrama, with suspense centering round the capture of a German officer by a clever French spy; "An Idyll of the Shops" deals with a Ghetto sweatshop and the fate of two young workers whose love proves dependent on the whims of the employer; "The Hand of Siva" is another spy melodrama of an army post in India; and "The Hero of Santa Maria," described as a "ridiculous tragedy," is an unusual bit of character portrayal and shows an old man trafficking upon the supposed heroism of a supposedly dead son. All the plays are actable and should prove successful additions to Little Theatre literature.

RED PLUME. By EDWARD HUNTINGTON WILLIAMS. Harpers. 1925. $1.75.

Nowadays boys can get all the adventure reading they want without the inconvenience of retiring to the barn hayloft with the forbidden dime-novels bulging under their jackets. Harper & Brothers are seeing to this. "Red Plume" is another of their adventure books for boys and this one deals with Indians and the Old West. Dick, the young hero, is taken captive by no less a personage than Lean Wolf, chief of the Blackfoot tribe, from whom he learns how to hunt buffalo, fish, and find his way about in the wilderness. The Indians' lovable and friendly qualities are shown as well as those less desirable and more familiar traits. Good reading for boys from ten to fifteen.

OCEAN GOLD. By EDISON MARSHALL. Harpers. 1925. $1.75.

After all there is nothing quite like a buried treasure hunt to rouse the most sluggish imagination from the days of Spanish galleons to modern aeroplanes and ocean liners. Here is a story of a search for gold which took the young heroes to a remote Alaskan peninsula, through battle, blizzard, privation, and the treachery of a crew of dangerous half-breeds. The book is written honestly and simply, and while one cannot truthfully say that it should take its place alongside "Treasure Island," still it stands out with unusual vigor and spirit among a group of boys' adventure books.

THE FRIGHTENED TREE. By VERYL BROUGHTON TUTTLE. Frank-Maurice, Inc. 1925. $2.50.

It is a joy to come upon a children's book so charming as to format as "The Frightened Tree," but it is a double pleasure to discover that it was made in this country and is not an English importation. As the title implies, each of the eleven chapters tells the story of some tree and by means of incident characterizes it for the child to recognize it upon next meeting. Why the leaves of the aspen quiver; what makes the birch tree so white and ghostly, and how the Witch Hazel got its name are all told here in simple language by a lover of trees. But while the text is pleasant enough, it is to the make-up and the delightful chapter head designs that most credit should go. Robert Jones, the illustrator, has caught something of the old woodcut feeling in these and he and the publisher deserve a special vote of thanks for not giving the book the usual realistic illustrations from which so many juveniles are suffering.

THE BOY EXPLORERS ON TIGER TRAILS IN BURMA. By WARREN H. MILLER. Harpers. 1925. $1.75.

This newest volume in the Harper series of Boy Explorer books, which aim to combine science and adventure under the same covers, tells of the amazing experiences of a Curator and his young assistants on an expedition into the depths of the mysterious forests of Burma. Here Bengal tigers stalk the trails through which they must pass, there are kidnappings and hair-breadth escapes, rescues and thrills galore. It is perhaps hardly fair to compare a story of this sort with Kipling's "Jungle Book," but the background and atmosphere of the jungle underbrush are bound to set memories of Mowgli and Shere Khan stirring, and the very name Rangoon has a magic that demands something more than mere action and the printed word. Speaking of words, we think the author has rather overworked the adjective. Also there are times when in an effort to be

(Continued on page 352)

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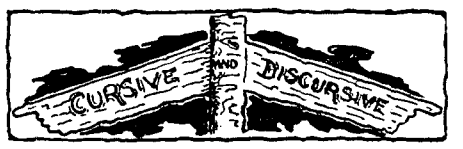

Nathalia Crane

THE poetry of one who has been much advertised as a child poet prodigy has recently come to the attention of the newspapers. Not that the newspapers know anything about poetry, but because the opportunity for certain rather sensational headlines offered itself. This opportunity being regarded as golden, the public prints, led by a Brooklyn paper of age and prestige, proceeded to badger the child and her parents in regard to the genuineness of her work. Into the controversy the present writer has been drawn because he signed his full name to an introduction to the first book of poems by Nathalia Crane, "The Janitor's Boy." The present article is designed merely to remove any possible misconceptions and to reaffirm every statement made in that introduction.

The first gun in the great campaign to endeavor to blast the literary reputation of a child of twelve years was fired (as far as the present writer's knowledge goes) by some feminine voice calling the present writer upon the telephone and giving him to understand that he was suspected of having written "The Janitor's Boy" himself because many of the words he used in his own poems were used by Miss Crane in her poetry. A list of these words, it seemed, had been compiled. The present writer requested that they be submitted to him. They were never so submitted.

The present writer truthfully denied *in toto* that he had ever written one line of Miss Crane's work. He reaffirmed his belief that Miss Crane had written every line of her own work and that it was entirely original with her. In discussing the work of other poets that had possibly influenced her work, (as all young poets are unconsciously influenced by the work of the great who have gone before), he cited traceable influences of Kipling and Emily Dickinson. His own critical judgment, faulty as it may be, discerns no influence of his own poetry upon the poetry of Miss Nathalia Crane. He is, in fact, not aware that she ever read more than one or two of the poems by the present writer, though he would feel flattered to think that she may have read more. Only because of certain newspaper articles which have already appeared would he touch upon this point at all. The only contribution to the work of Miss Nathalia Crane that he ever made was a diffident suggestion to her to remove one verse from a certain poem of hers, as slightly inferior to the other verses. This suggestion she took, and the poem appears without that verse in her published work. This is hardly collaboration in any sense of the word!

The present writer has never had the pleasure of meeting Miss Crane, save in her books of poems, some of which poems have seemed to him remarkably good poetry. No doubt of their authenticity ever entered his mind. Mrs. Crane, the child's mother, first brought the poetry of Nathalia to his attention, after many of her poems had appeared in the *New York Evening Sun*, having been published there by Mr. Edmund Leamy. Mrs. Crane appeared one day at the office of the *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post*, of which publication the present writer was then associate editor, and showed him a scrap-book full of cuttings of the poems of Nathalia which had appeared in the *Sun*, and presented several poems in manuscript. The reading of these manuscript poems by the then associate editors of the *Literary Review* convinced them of their merit. One, "The Vestal" soon appeared in *The Literary Review*. Another "The Blind Girl" (both of these poems are included in Mr. Louis Untermeyer's "Modern American Poetry. Third Revised Edition," together with several others and a long biographical note) struck the editors at once as remarkable work for a child of twelve.

During the past summer the present writer has talked with Mr. Louis Untermeyer, a keen and intelligent critic of the highest standing, who had met the young poet and was entirely convinced of the genuineness of her work. The intelligence of this critic, measured a[illegible] the intelligence of the reporters w[illegible] "written up" Nathalia for the newspapers, as evinced by their printed statements, admits of no comparison. After years of acquaintance with the art of poetry, both in the composition of poetry and in critical comment upon poetry, the dicta of Mr. Untermeyer in regard to the work of Miss Crane, are surely of more importance than the interviews with Miss Crane by the representatives of the press. In fact the present writer will be so presumptuous as to state that he regards his own opinion on this subject as more valuable than that of the journalistic ladies who saw fit to institute the heckling of Miss Crane and her parents, or of the representatives of the press who followed their lead.

The present writer subscribes *in toto* not only to his original introduction to Miss Crane's first volume of poems, "The Janitor's Boy" but also to Mr. Untermeyer's judgments of Miss Crane's work as found upon page 594 et seq. of "Modern American Poetry. Third Revised Edition." He regards as savoring of malice the original attack upon the authenticity of Miss Crane's poetry; and in the press articles which he has read upon the subject he sees no valid proof of any kind that Miss Crane's work is not entirely her own.

Miss Crane's methods of work were described to the present writer in an entirely convincing manner by her mother. Her love for words, her haunting of the dictionary, her precocity in language, are not without precedent, save to the ignorant. The childish element in her work is entirely evident to any one with any familiarity with poetry. No explanation of it will, naturally, convince the obtuse. An American poet of reputation, Mr. Edwin Markham, author of "The Man With the Hoe," has ventured to doubt that her poems could possibly have been written by a child. To the present writer the spectacle of this venerable poet stepping forward to brand as spurious work which it seems to us bears its "little girlishness" upon it even in its most remarkable lines strikes us as anything but pleasurable. Mr. Markham has doubtless examined Miss Crane's work with the same thorough attention that the present writer has given to it. He has doubtless thoroughly acquainted himself with every bit of evidence that might bear upon the case. And, at that, we cannot agree with the gentleman.

We believe not only that the entire publishing of the work of Nathalia Crane has been conducted in absolutely good faith but also that the child is the precociously talented poet she is said to be. We believe she wrote her own work. We believe in the truthfulness and uprightness of her parents and her publisher. We see not the slightest reason to doubt them. We regard with great distaste the efforts that have been made to prove the contrary. The newspaper campaign against Miss Crane has taken on the aspect of a persecution,—and to this campaign a notable American poet, Mr. Markham, has lent the weight of his critical opinion.

Sufficit.

WILLIAM ROSE BENET.

The Salad Bowl

Verse does not claim to be the Nazarene of 20th century letters. There are other much more firmly established magazines which have been carrying on this admirable work. . . . But we must all realize that the task of educating the masses is a long, arduous and many-sided job.—Letter from the editor of *Verse*, Philadelphia.

The play ["These Charming People"] is trivial to the point of futility. Here and there it has a slight Shavian tinge—but Shaw at second-hand is, as Leonard Merrick would say, like calling on the sister of the girl you are engaged to.—R. Dana Skinner, in *The Commonweal.*

I beg my readers to obtain, by hook or by crook, Keyserling's "Travel Diary of a Philosopher." It is expensive, but this is one of the few *necessary* books for a modern man, outside the domain of pure literature.

Middleton Murry, in *The Adelphi*, [illegible]n).

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

BEARDS AND CIRCUSES. By *W. E. Woodward.* (Harpers).

THE ROMANTIC NINETIES. By *Richard Le Gallienne.* (Doubleday, Page).

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON. By *Claude G. Bowers.* (Houghton Mifflin).

I. C. R., Mechanicsville, N. Y., has papers to write on new ideas in home decoration and equipment.

THIS is another question that comes constantly, with one on material for a paper on art in everyday living. For the former I am now recommending (with especial gratitude for help rendered in my own refurbishing after moving) Lucy Taylor's "Your Home Beautiful" (Doran), for it is full of advice that can be put to immediate and quite transforming use. I was told that this had saved money already to amateur home decorators, and I can well believe it; it does not even disdain the humble hall bedroom. As for the second question, from now on I shall recommend to the art sections of clubs a remarkably comprehensive and ingratiating study of first principles and their practical applications, called "Art in Every Day Life," by Harriet and Yetta Goldstein (Macmillan). From architecture to clothing it opens the eyes of the mind.

M. M. K., Cornwallville, N. Y., wishes books to help her introduce young children to Greek and Roman civilization; not only mythology, but something that would give the atmosphere of later times and serve as a beginning of history study.

THE inquirer has already Hawthorne, and Padraic Colum's retold tales of the Greeks. Also, I am glad to say, Hall's "Buried Cities" (Macmillan), for this little book with its excellent pictures of a type unusual in children's books, will give any imaginative child an excellent idea of what Greek cities were like. "Roman Private Life," by Walter Brook McDaniel (Marshall, Jones), is exactly the book such a teacher needs for her own information and inspiration. It is concerned with homes and their furniture, household life, marriage customs, education of children, household gods, clothing, amusements, travel, and burial rites; and their survivals in later civilization. For children themselves to read, or to be read to them, Dorothy Mills's "The Book of the Ancient Greeks" (Putnam), just published, and her earlier "The Book of the Ancient World" (Putnam). These tell the story of how man lived; the new volume goes from the beginnings of Crete to the loss of Greek independence. It is the result of work with history classes; not with young children evidently, but so arranged and expressed that a teacher will find it valuable anywhere along the line. I have followed the work of the Quennells with interest ever since I read their "History of Everyday Things in England" (Scribner's), and the same power of making children interested in the traces of yesterday left in today is found in the Everyday Life Series (Putnam) that has now, through volumes on the Stone Ages, and the Age of Bronze, reached one on "Roman Britain." There are Roman and Greek chapters of Jane Andrews's "Ten Boys who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now" (Ginn), a book for young children to read, and Eva M. Tappan's "Story of the Greek People" (Houghton Mifflin) gives special attention to manners and customs and is young enough for the fifth grade.

H. M. P., Columbus, O., whose acquaintance with French literature is almost entirely confined to present-day or late nineteenth century writers, wishes books for guides in home study of the subject from the beginning.

"A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE," by Kathleen T. Butler (Dutton), is in two compact little volumes, the first from the earliest times to the end of the eighteenth century, the second the nineteenth century and after. The author is director of studies at Girton and associate of Newnham, but the book is not only a text-book and does not read like one. The earlier chapters would give a reader who knows nothing of old French a clear idea of the literature of court, castle, and cloister, and through modern literature the book is an enlightening and stimulating guide. After this comes "Contemporary French Literature," by Réné Lalou (Knopf), another recent publication and one of high interest and usefulness. Arnold Whitridge's "Critical Ventures in Modern French Literature" (Scribner), goes from Stendhal to Sacha Guitry, including de Banville, de Nerval, Barbey d'Aurévilly, and Villiers de L'Isle Adam: his friendliness for French authors is more apt to spread here because he writes of them in the American manner. Miss Butler's history of literature takes account of the life of France, but the student will do well to read, along with it, a new "History of the French People," by Guy de la Batut and Georges Friedmann (Dutton), for this is a history of the "common people" and of their struggle from serfdom to the third republic and the present day. I suggest it in this connection because one thus realizes anew how great a part writers, or rather certain books, have had in that struggle. Barbusse writes a preface! Batut was in the "Clarté" movement.

M. S. H., Ambler, Pa., is to coach a high school play and asks for books.

"HOW TO PRODUCE AMATEUR PLAYS," by Barrett Clark (Little, Brown), is detailed and practical; it covers everything from choosing the play to make-up, scenery, and costumes. Another recent book full of information is "Acting and Play Production," by Harry Lee Andrews and Bruce Weirick (Longmans). This is a manual for classes, dramatic clubs, and little theatres; the illustrations are of present-day actors and stage settings, and there is a good bibliography.

A. B., Cooperstown, N. Y., tells the inquirer for books on small French houses that "French Provincial Architecture," by Goodwin and Milliken, is profusely illustrated with many detail drawings besides the full-page photographs and gives descriptions of every type of modest French house, such as are easily adapted to use in America. *F. E. C., Worcester, Mass., tells V. E. J., Kansas City, Mo.*, that there is a collection of American-English "Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians" arranged by Cecil Sharp (Schirmer). "In

(*Continued on next page*)

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and the problems inherent in a particular phase of it are revealed in an earlier study made by the Chicago Commission on Race Relations. Their report tells the story of the 1919 race riots and describes the Commission's subsequent investigations into Negro living conditions in the North. *The Negro in Chicago.* $4.00, postpaid $4.15.

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Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the foreword is reference to a book on 'English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians' which gives an account of the singers, their songs, and the circumstances under which the latter were collected. I have found the songs themselves of great interest (Putnam)."

Speaking of songs, this gives me an opportunity to say how remarkable a book of them we have just had in the collection made by James Weldon Johnson, "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" (Viking Press). Here are 61 famous melodies newly and sympathetically arranged by J. Rosamond Johnson: I have spent hours at the piano with them. But if there were nothing in the book but the preface it would be well worth owning: this is a study at once scholarly and fascinating. The student should also put on his list of necessary books the new and valuable results of Dorothy Scarborough's research: "On the Trail of Negro Folk Songs" (Harvard University Press).

H. C. M., Brooklyn, N. Y., who keeps up with novels about newspaper work, asks what additions have lately been made to this literature.

THREE of the most entertaining of recent novels have heroes on newspapers. The most relaxing romance of the season—to the mind, the inhibitions, and the muscles that prevent smiling—is "Friends of Mr. Sweeney," by Elmer Davis (McBride), though I should not speak of this so kindly, for last week it cost me fifty miles of as good scenery as there is along the Lackawanna Railway. The hero is on a "journal of opinion" and what he does not do when he breaks loose! It is slightly crazy, of course, and so is "The Chicken Wagon Family," by Barry Benefield (Century), just crazy enough to be comfortable. Believe that a family can invade this city in a peddler's cart and go to keeping boarders in a disused engine-house, and the rest goes like a charm. James Grey, in "The Pencilled Frown" (Scribner), completes the trio of newspaper heroes. This one begins his journalistic career as a critic, an amusing anomaly not infrequent in small cities. The effect on his mind and his face makes an amusing and salutary book. When I reflect that at eighteen the destiny of Richard Mansfield and Clara Morris, so far as it concerned the readers of the Jersey City *News*, lay in my hands, I wonder I took life so lightly. This young man has to go back and begin at the beginning, and lucky it is for him.

M. B., Philadelphia, asks for another choice among "pleasant novels about likable people," such as was made some time ago for a small lending library.

"THE EDUCATION OF SALLIE MAY," by Fannie Kilbourne (Dodd, Mead), proceeds on the principle that if you must get the gist of a college education in six weeks, hire a college graduate to tell you all he remembers after a reasonable interval in business. It is a movie queen who gets that idea, and I declare there ought to be something in it. "Romance: the Loveliest Thing," by Violet Hunt (Holt), is about a girl who runs away—in a quite decorous fashion—for adventure, and everyone falls in love with her; it is quite devastating and very nice if, like most young women, you habitually identify yourself for the time with the heroine of the book you are reading. "Sea Lavender," by Sydney Floyd Gowing (Holt), is another of these novels of escape for a lady, and so is Ralph Straus's "Volcano" (Holt)—all three from the same house and all of them showing a lady how to throw her bonnet over the windmill; and in "Volcano" it is a middle-aged bonnet at that. "The Clio," by L. H. Myers (Scribner), is a curious contrast in some ways to the author's earlier and more serious "The Orissers"; it is about pleasant, wealthy, and well-connected English people, travelling on a steam-yacht up a Brazilian river, but their morals are no better than they should be if as much, and it is perhaps fortunate that the descriptions of South American jungle scenery and fauna are so remarkably good that they provide a reason to tell people why you read it.

"The Virtuous Husband," by Freeman Tilden (Macmillan), will be pleasant reading if you like the type called the "old-fashioned wife;" if you do not you will think Mr. Tilden has stated his case unfairly. "The Dream Maker Man," by Fannie Heaslip Lea (Dodd, Mead), is exactly what that sounds like. When I read "Ariel Custer" (Lippincott), by so tremendously popular a writer as Grace Livingstone Hill, I decided that it was time for a new edition of "The Wide Wide World," into which I now dip at least every six months. I have long believed all that needed for present-day popularity was the removal of its tears and its theology, and now here is Ariel Custer quoting Scripture as freely as Ellen Montgomery, so all that is required is to mop up the moisture. "The Rim of the Prairie," by Bess Streeter Aldrich (Appleton), is a Nebraska love-story shifting to Chicago, and "Hare and Tortoise," by Pierre Coalfleet (Duffield), is an international marriage whose combination of temperaments may be gathered from the title. If there may be one novel of old times, let it be the gay romance "Knight at Arms," by H. C. Bailey (Dutton), for this is rippling reading.

L. B., New York, is inspired by the Congreve revivals in this city to ask if there are other critical estimates of the drama of this period as interesting and as valuable as those of Taine.

"RESTORATION COMEDY," by Bonamy Dobrée (Oxford University Press), is as brilliant as Taine's chapter in his "History of English Literature" and more sympathetic. It seems to me that here is the best estimate that has yet appeared of Congreve. In a new text book, "British Drama," by Allardyce Nichol (Crowell), there is a section on the plays of the Restoration, especially in relation to social and political conditions; this is of necessity brief, as the book goes from Hrotswitha to "The Man with a Load of Mischief," but is none the less illuminating. With its reading-lists this is a complete course of study for college or home-student. I am glad to see that it calls Barrett Clark's "Study of the Modern Drama" (Appleton), "one of the best handbooks on contemporary dramatic literature."

S. M. S., Chicago, asks what other Indian poetry is accessible for a program that already includes Tagore and Sarojini Naidu.

"UNSTRUNG BEADS: Prose and Poetry from the Punjab" (Dutton), is by Puran Singh, a Sikh and a follower of Tagore, whose poetry this collection much resembles. Other program-makers who may not have read the poems of Sarojini Naidu should know that three volumes of her melodious and moving verse are published by Dodd, Mead: "The Golden Threshold," "The Bird of Time," and "The Broken Wing."

H. A., Baltimore, asks if there are other one-volume histories of the world besides Wells's and Van Loon's, but with up-to date bibliographies.

THERE is a new edition of Victor Duruy's "General History of the World" (Crowell), first published in 1848 and holding favor all this time, with an overhauling twenty years ago that brought it to the beginning of this century. Now it has been somewhat recast and continued to January 1, 1925. But there is no bibliography; think what space a reasonably complete one would cover! There is for younger readers, besides the "Story of Mankind," the admirable work by V. M. Hillyer, "A Child's History of the World" (Century), which I have known to engross the attention of the parents of the child to whom it was presented.

Pray come to the rescue of K. F. C., Harrisburg, Pa., who asks what books would make appropriate presents from employers to their employees at Christmas, as in former days they used to give "A Message to Garcia." I cannot advise properly; I seem to see the employees taking almost any kind of inspirational literature in something less than a spirit of bright gratitude. Anyway I hope my employers on this paper do not send me any. The Oxford University Press has already sent me "The Pocket Oxford Dictionary" and the sight of all these words inspires me quite feverishly to try them on the typewriter.

The echoes of the "hobby" correspondence keep rolling in. C. H. L., Potsdam, N. Y., asks for a book that will start him properly on the collecting and possibly the making of bookplates.

THE ideal book is Alfred Fowler's "Bookplates for Beginners," published by the author, Kansas City, Mo. It is a lovely thing in itself, with its fair large type, carefully chosen examples for illustration, and general beauty of make-up, but its practical value in preparing for collecting is just as high. It answers all the questions that more advanced works take for granted.

A. T. S., Pittsfield, Mass., and R. M., Newark, N. J., ask about books on bookbinding as a hobby.

THE amateur bookbinder seems not to have been specially considered in the making of manuals. The nearest I know to a book for him is "Bookbinding and the Care of Books," by Douglas Cockerell, one of the Pitman publications, now in its fourth edition with many pages, 112 drawings by Noel Rooke, and several pages of half-tone reproductions. "Bookbinding," edited by Paul Hasluck, is one of the pamphlet series of "Work" (Cassell), and there are other small books for the beginner published in England. For the professional there is a greater choice: "Bookbinding," by John J. Pleger, was published in a revised edition in 1924 by The Inland Printer, Chicago; it is a comprehensive, standard work. The student of this subject, either for bookbinding itself or for collecting, will be interested in these books: "Fine Books," a magnificent work by A. W. Pollard, published in this country by Putnam; G. H. Putnam's "Books and their Makers" (Putnam); "Early Illustrated Books" and "Old Picture Books," London, by A. W. Pollard; "The Book, Its Printers, Illustrators and Binders," by Henry Bouchot, London, 1890; "The Art of the Book" (The Studio, London, 1914) and "Bookbinding," by W. R. Lethaby, which I am told covers the subject completely.

The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page* 349)

colorful he has forgotten all about his sentences. Take this one for example: "Squealing like a hog, the ponderous onset of him crashing through the cane came straight for them, and almost immediately the dense black hulk of him became visible in the forest of slender green shoots." The reader may become as easily lost in such word-jungles as were the adventurers in their tropical one.

CRICKET. By FORRESTINE C. HOOKER. Doubleday. 1925. $1.75.

The author of this delightful child character study was a little girl herself at Fort Sill some fifty years ago, and she has managed to recapture the spirit of those days of the making of the Great West. Always they are seen through the gay black eyes of the child, Cricket, who became the pet of her father's entire regiment. There is a martial trend to most of her doings and the account of her dead duck's military funeral is a bit of very tragic comedy. Cricket's friendly interest in the children of the Indian Reservation also brings about amusing and sometimes startling consequences. Nothing happens at camp that this eager small person does not have a finger in, but the author never for a moment forgets that children can be as interested as grown ups in such important affairs as parties and weddings and social doings. The little book is full of charmingly human touches.

BARRY AND BUDD. By EARL REED SILVER. Appleton. 1925. $1.75.

There is nothing in particular to recommend this story of boys and girls and their summer adventurings on a mountain lake, where they swim, sail, fish, and finally help effect the capture of a gang of bootleggers. Written in the conversational style supposed to appeal to those in their teens, the book is certainly wholesome enough to be allowed in the most rigidly censored Sunday School Library, but that is about all that can be said for it.

NO SCHOOL TO-MORROW. By MARGARET ASHMUN. Macmillan. 1925. $1.75.

In this friendly little book are recounted the doings of a nine-year-old girl in a pleasant country village during one long, delightful summer vacation. There is an independent cat named Flora; a clever writer father who can make up rhymes on a moment's notice; a mother who knows all about cooking to be done on rainy days, and numerous friends and neighbors. There is an old barn; an ancient red mill; a remarkable woodshed, and orchards and gardens and berry patches to play in. The chief charm of the book is its utter simplicity and naturalness and that quality of excitement and joy in the smallest happening. All books written for children from a child's point of view should possess this particular quality, but so often they are marred by a note of sophistication or self-consciousness. Their absence is refreshing in this juvenile.

THE ROLL CALL OF HONOR. By ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. Nelson. 1925.

A new book of "Golden Deeds" has been compiled by Arthur Quiller-Couch, each chapter dealing with the life and achievements of such persons as Bolivar, John Brown, Abraham Lincoln, Garibaldi, David Livingston, Florence Nightingale, Pasteur, and others. The brief biographies are clearly and simply written, but we found them rather dull. The accounts seemed strangely second-hand, not as if the happenings were taking place just round the corner, and for this reason we doubt if it will hold the interest of young readers unless they need it to prepare some homework history assignment on short notice. The colored plates with which the book is illustrated seem to us particularly crude and poorly done.

THE BOY SCOUTS' CRAIG KENNEDY. By ARTHUR B. REEVE. Harpers. 1925. $1.75.

A trip in a United States dirigible to the land of the lost Vikings in the frozen north is only one of the many adventures in which the fourteen year old hero and his Uncle, the familiar Craig Kennedy of detective story fame, take part. Plenty of thrills are here and if at times the element of crime seems to be stressed rather too heavily, at least the most modern methods of scientific investigation are applied to it.

THE CRUISE OF THE CUTTLEFISH. By FRANCIS LYNDE. Scribners. 1925. $1.60.

A rollicking good sea story for boys, telling the adventures of a crew of three aboard the motor boat "Cuttlefish" on her voyage from Philadelphia to New Orleans. Nowadays the swash-buckling Pirate has given place to the newer type of fugitive,—the modern bootlegger. In this, as in other really up to date adventure yarns, bootleggers provide a large share of the excitement and thrill. The jacket design and illustrations are stirring enough to lure any fourteen year old boy to the high seas.

BUNNY PLAYS THE GAME. By ARTHUR ALDEN KNIPE. Harpers. 1925. $1.75.

Another story for boys in their early teens about three chums and their eventful week camping on the edge of a wild bit of Connecticut forest. Adventures are numerous and the climax of the book is reached in the finding of ancient buried treasure. The rather priggish speeches of the boys upon returning this to its rightful owner sound a false note and one cannot help feeling on every page that an older person is writing this story with the very evident intent of entertaining the young, not because he was excited over it himself as was Stevenson over "Treasure Island" or Kipling in "Captains Courageous."

RAIN ON THE ROOF. By CORNELIA MEIGS. Macmillan. 1925. $1.75.

"Rain on the Roof" besides having one of the most delectable titles in the world, is one of those rarely encountered juveniles that does not seem to be written down to children. The author takes it for granted that they will enjoy atmosphere as well as action, and the result is a book to delight both boys and girls, particularly those in the difficult stage between fairy tales and fiction. From the very first chapter, in which a boy finds shelter in an old house at the edge of a New England harbor and there listens to old tales told by a remarkable story teller and maker of ships to the accompaniment of rain on the shingles outside, there is enchantment. People out of the past wander through the stories;—Mary, Queen of Scots and a loyal Scotch sailor lad; Brother Nicolas and his Monastery; Pilgrims in the East, and Indians of the Western Plains. But this is not all, there are strange adventures and dark doings in the old seaport town; doings in which the three children who have listened to the story teller in the little attic room, have important parts to play. We feel sure this volume will need constant rebinding when it takes its place in the children's room of the Public Library.

(*Continued on next page*)

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Points of View

Commercial Ethics

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

A Mr. (or Miss) H. M. Hamilton seems to have been much annoyed by my views on the Futilitarian novelists. His (or her) low estimate of my own character I gladly condone in view of the fact that he accuses me of being young, a charge which I had begun to fear would never be flung at me again. But he seems to have read only a few paragraphs of my article before taking pen in hand, so I fear he misses the point.

Mr. Hamilton appears to hold that it makes no difference what you believe so long as you believe it hard enough to write a book about it. This is pragmatism run wild; but let that pass. The point is not the private metaphysics of authors but their commercial ethics. By all means let those who believe that all is vanity write novels to that effect; but when they offer those novels for sale they assume some obligation to the prospective purchaser. A few authors—e. g. Walter Shakespeare—have presented the proposition that all is vanity with sufficient power to be worth the price of admission, but the ordinary run-of-the-mill author can't do it. The writing of novels is a fine art but the sale of novels is a trade, and I fail to see why the novelist, above other business men, is under no obligation to give the customers their money's worth.

ELMER DAVIS.
New York.

The Pioneer Age

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Until recently, the Pioneer has been a universally admired hero of the American people. No doubt the [illegible] his works, in the aggregate, was very [illegible] not devoid of [illegible] truth or representative [illegible] fact [illegible]

[illegible] and the pioneer [illegible] far more [illegible] "romantic" idea which [illegible] prevalent. No doubt there was a great deal of physical and spiritual hardship in pioneer life. Some of the men and women who went to the frontier as settlers perished, physically or spiritually, sometimes in both respects. Many more went back east, more or less broken in spirit. These two classes held principally the weak ones; the frontier demanded real men and women. But so does life everywhere; of the thousands who today flock into the big cities quite as large a proportion perish. If fewer of them return to the country districts whence they came, it is because in the metropolis one can more easily keep on vegetating even after one has ceased to be truly alive.

If it were correct, as latter-day intellectuals try to make us believe in their realistic novels, that the great mass of our pioneer ancestors had been made by their struggle with the wilderness into hard, inhuman, thoroughly materialized men and "half-crazed, wholly miserable" women, nothing short of a miracle could explain the existence, two or at most three generations later, of the present condition of the Middle West. But that sordid tale is not true as a type, although plenty of individual illustrations might be found for it. The trouble lies with the inability of citified intellectuals who write such novels, to understand the spirit of the frontier, or even of rural conditions considerably removed from pioneer farming.

Among the children growing up on American farms, pioneer or modern, there is a certain proportion who are not fitted by nature for farm life. These very properly seek the cities; and some of them grow to be intellectuals. Whether they [illegible] fate or not, most [illegible] pleasant childhood [illegible] because the simplicities [illegible] to physical exertions, [illegible] what vexed their brothers, [illegible] to them from the beginning. We have heard that what is meat [illegible] may be poison for another. In [illegible], modern city life tends toward a [illegible] luxurious comfort that makes very [illegible] hardships seem terrific, to be [illegible] at all costs. The present writer knows a once amiable intellectual who was [illegible] a Western farm some fifty years [illegible] He is a Socialist writer and—by [illegible] of his party—a politician. When [illegible] doubt whether one could [illegible] wholly spread distress and [illegible] American workingmen, or [illegible] the proletariat," he replied [illegible] air of shuddering conviction, "don't you know that in [illegible] thousands of families have [illegible] stoves to warm [illegible]

[illegible] of this type see [illegible] squalidness, and [illegible] glamour age? Yet [illegible] thing can be less [illegible] their realistic de- [illegible] of life. Surely, [illegible] giving the man [illegible] with all [illegible] manner [illegible] revenge like my- [illegible] farmers make- [illegible] money abroad, [illegible] illusions that [illegible] economics relieved by the [illegible]

ERNEST BRUNCKEN.
Milwaukee.

A Genius in Danger

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

[illegible] one of our most [illegible] investigators. The [illegible] of the new [illegible] "Pan-Ideal," Rudolf Maria Holzapfel, is exposed to [illegible] serious disease and [illegible] of the war. [illegible] of a new [illegible] invaluable im- [illegible] knowledge and practical work to which he has devoted [illegible] than twenty years of labor, and which will crown his life work, is thus endangered.

It is the conviction of the undersigned as well as the unanimous and enthusiastic opinion of leading intellectual circles of European centres, that Holzapfel is not merely a thinker and explorer of the highest value for scientific research. In his personality and in the rapidly increasing influence of his ideas and aims we behold one of the firmest and most powerful bulwarks against the intellectual chaos and the social anarchy which everywhere are threatening the life of nations.

The results of his researches, as recognized by thinkers of the rank of Ernest Mach, or of the Count Hermann Keyserling, who declared "the more humanity advances the more Holzapfel will be appreciated and esteemed" are of vast and decisive import also for the solution of the central problems of educational, moral, and artistic life and development. Moreover, by its high and far-reaching aims and the positive idealism of its spirit, Holzapfel's work appears to be eminently qualified to form a solid foundation for really efficient and productive coöperation among the nations.

That a life work so extensive and heroic should be continued and accomplished, is accordingly not only a matter of concern to the cause of learning, but of inestimable value for all social and intellectual progress. The life and work of such a man must under all circumstances be saved and secured.

It is for this reason that the undersigned appeal to those American circles, who always have magnanimously encouraged scientific and educational work of general significance. The undersigned consider Holzapfel one of our most powerful leading spirits of today, in the preservation of whose life and work the whole civilized world is interested.

August, 1925.

(Signed) For France:
ROMAIN ROLLAND
Germany:
[illegible] MANN
[illegible]
HERMANN BAHR
ARNOLD SCHNITZLER
Switzerland:
HEINRICH FEDERER
C. A. BERNOULLI
United States
J. E. SPINGARN
VAN WYCK BROOKS

Holzapfel, who is now 51, had a life full of hardships. His work is not the building-up of philosophic systems in the study, but it is the fruit of deep and vast experiences, of a rare insight into the real problems of life.

The war has robbed him of all he had, and, after selling some valuables, which his wife, of an old Austrian family, possessed, Holzapfel and his family—he has two children who still go to school—are [illegible] facing starvation. Holzapfel [illegible] from heart disease. If he can [illegible] with not the least physical [illegible] and free from cares and con- [illegible] he can live and work for [illegible] more. The situation has unfortunately become very precious [illegible] the last months, because before making [illegible] to America, the committee has [illegible] every effort possible to find help [illegible] Europe. But the ruin of the intellectual classes and the economic stagnation have made it impossible to secure sufficient money for the present.

The idea of the committee is that a fund of about $3000 might be raised which would secure Holzapfel for the next years, so that he may continue and complete his investigations. If a way could be found that might secure him indefinitely, it would be of course the most satisfactory solution.

Many philanthropic institutions have been asked. But they are strictly limited by their by-laws, which have not foreseen such a case and they are unable to help.

Contributions will be received by the Emergency Society for German and Austrian Art and Science. Even the smallest gift will be of help. Checks should be made payable to James Speyer, treasurer, and sent to Professor F. W. T. Heuser, secretary of the society, Columbia University, New York City, with a note indicating that the contribution is intended for the special Holzapfel-Fund.

Dr. Hans M. Zbinden of Zurich, Switzerland, is staying in this country, New York City, 501 West 113th street, Appt. 4 W, care Mrs. Mode, as delegate of the committee and will be glad to give any further detailed information required.

Whimsicalities

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Literary criticism is, of course, highly subjective. The striking phrase of Anatole France as to criticism will always be true. And yet there are certain standards which the competent, cultivated, and conscientious literary critic cannot afford to ignore or violate.

Even in your excellent journal many of the reviewers, alas, do violate those standards. Whimsicalities, personal prejudices, crotchets are palmed off as serious criticism. How do you expect readers to take such "guidance" seriously? If criticism cannot be truly scientific, must it also flout common sense?

Let me offer a few illustrations—out of many.

One of your reviewers praised Mr. Hutchinson's "Increasing Purpose" and treated it as literature. It should have been described as Anatole France described Ohnet's novels—"Hors de la littérature." It is ill-written, shallow, blatant, and crude. That, by the way, is the opinion of all the British critics of note and authority.

The review of Sherwood Anderson's "Dark Laughter" was far too eulogistic. The novel has striking merits, but the author's mannerisms—repetition, the use of slang and ungrammatical expressions, etc.—and his deliberate neglect of form were hardly mentioned.

Rebecca West, in her most stimulating article on three novels, said that Galsworthy was the worst of modern short story writers and that Mrs. Wharton lived as an artist on Henry James's observation. These assertions are wild exaggerations. Your own notice of "The Caravan" gave a very different—and just—estimate of Galsworthy as a writer of short stories, while Mrs. Wharton's novels, though obviously influenced by James, are (with one exception,) "Glimpses of the Moon," much more *vital* than the works of her master. Henry James, a marvellous technical artist, never studied life at all. He led an isolated existence and evolved his characters out of his own inner consciousness. Mrs. Wharton is not a great artist, but she has studied and observed certain classes of society and has held the mirror up to nature most faithfully.

I think I have proved my point. Don't you?

VICTOR S. YARROS.
Hull-House, Chicago.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

HUNTING THE FOX. By RICHARD GREVILLE VERNEY, Lord Willoughby De Broke. Illustrated by Lionel Edwards. *Scribners.* 1925. $5.

The late Lord Willoughby De Broke occupied a position of peculiar distinction in the world of sport and society, and his book, "Hunting the Fox," which was first published several years ago, is undoubtedly destined to become a classic not unworthy of a place on the sportman's shelf beside Peter Beckford's "Thoughts on Hunting." It is therefore, a matter for congratulation that it should be issued with illustrations by Lionel Edwards who is generally accepted as the most popular sporting artist of this generation. Artists who can draw horses sufficiently well to please horsemen are none too plentiful, but Edwards meets this requirement and more, for his pictures are full of color and feeling. His horses and hounds are live things.

Lord De Broke's position was i[illegible] in that he was a scion of one of E[illegible] oldest and most aristocratic famil[illegible] it was also earned by his clean[illegible] manship, his mental qualities, a[illegible] personality. His ancestors, for generations had kept hounds and horses. He possessed in no small degree the charm of a finished literary style, and in "Hunting the Fox" he covers every phase of fox hunting from the duties of the M. F. H. to the proper conduct of the humblest member of the "Field."

THE OLD FRANCISCAN MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA. By *George Wharton James.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

SYSTEMS OF PUBLIC WARFARE. By *Howard W. Odum* and *D. W. Willard.* University of North Carolina Press. $2.

A BOOK OF HORS D'OEUVRES. By *Lucy G. Allen.* Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

NEGRO ORATORS AND THEIR OWN ORATIONS. By *Carter Godwin Woodson.* Washington, D. C.; Associated Publishers. $5 net.

THE MEDAL OF GOLD. By *William C. Edgar.* Minneapolis: Bellman. $2.

THE FIRST WORLD FLIGHT. By *Lowell Thomas.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

NIAGARA IN POLITICS. By *James Mavor.* Dutton. $2.

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF TAPESTRIES. By *George Leland Hunter.* Lippincott. $10 net.

HOW ADVERTISEMENTS ARE BUILT. By *Gilbert P. Farrar.* Appleton.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS. By *Jessica G. Cosgrave.* Doran. $1.50 net.

MURDER, PIRACY AND TREASON. By *R. W. Postgate.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

CHOICE RECEIPTS. By *Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE BOOK OF GALLANT VAGABONDS. By *Henry Beston.* Doran.

A WILD-ANIMAL ROUND-UP. By *William T. Hornaday.* Scribners. $5.

CROWELL'S HANDBOOK FOR READERS AND WRITERS. Edited by *Henrietta Gerwig.* Crowell.

HISTORIC COSTUME. By *Francis M. Kelly* and *Randolph Schwabe.* Scribners. $7.50.

TREASURE HUNTING. By *James F. Gowen.* Putnam. $1.50.

MERCURY-ARC RECTIFIERS AND MERCURY VAPOUR-LAMPS. By *J. A. Fleming.* Putnam. $1.75.

THE DYNAMO. By *C. C. Hawkins.* Vol. III. Sixth Edition. Pitman. $8.50.

OSCILLOGRAPHS. By *J. T. Irwin.* Pitman. $2.25.

WELFARE WORK IN INDUSTRY. By *Eleanor T. Kelly.* Pitman. $1.50.

THE ANNUAL OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOLS OF ORIENTAL RESEARCH. Vol V. Edited by *Benjamin W. Bacon.* Yale University Press.

MAN THE PUPPET. By *Abram Lipsky.* Frank-Maurice. $2.50.

THE REVOLT OF MODERN YOUTH. By *Judge Ben B. Lindsey* and *Wainright Evans.* $3.

LIFE. By *W. B. Maxwell.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS. Translated by *Leonard A. Lyall.* Longmans. $2.75.

Travel

PICTURESQUE AMERICA. Edited by *John Francis Kane.* New York: Resorts and Playgrounds of America, 51 East 42nd Street.

IN THE SUN WITH A PASSPORT. By *W. P. H. Trowbridge.* Doran. $5 net.

FLANDERS AND HAINAULT. By *Clive Holland.* Medici Society. $2.50.

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Distinguished

Ellen Glasgow's

BARREN GROUND

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

"With BARREN GROUND, Miss Glasgow at once takes rank with the Hardy of 'Tess'... the Hamsun of 'Growth of the Soil.'"

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

"She has found the true romance in the dust and mud of a little Southern farm, in the heart of a girl."

THE DIAL

"In this book a Virginian 'growth of the soil' rises obstinately to resist the opposing growth of the wilderness and gathers up, as though upon the back of some dark non-human Centaur, all the pitiable burden of human sorrow; remaining itself taciturn, reserved, inscrutable; yet evocative of mysterious resignation for those who are lucky enough to attain its secret."

AMONG the many people who have praised Ellen Glasgow's writings are Hugh Walpole, James Branch Cabell, Carl Van Doren. Joseph Conrad wrote of Miss Glasgow one of his few enthusiastic appreciations of an American author, saying—"The insight, the mastery of her craft, the interest and charm of the narrative—all this is of the very first class order. Will you kindly transmit to her the affectionate regard of a fellow craftsman and most appreciative reader?"

Stuart P. Sherman, the distinguished editor of *Books* has said, "On her humor one could write a chapter. She conceives life as a brave comedy. I incline to think her the wittiest of living American novelists..."

Some of the more important of Ellen Glasgow's books are:

THE BATTLE GROUND (1902)
THE DELIVERANCE (1904)
THE WHEEL OF LIFE (1906)
THE MILLER OF OLD CHURCH (1911)
VIRGINIA (1913)
LIFE AND GABRIELLA (1916)
THE BUILDERS (1919)

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The Phoenix Nest

CONRAD'S only extant diary, his "Diary of Adventures on the Congo," will be published in the Christmas issue of the *Yale Review*. It is said to contain a number of passages of especial interest because of their close parallelism to "Heart of Darkness." * * * The same number of the *Yale Review* will also contain a long autobiographical poem by the late *Amy Lowell*, entitled "Behind Time." * * * *Sherwood Anderson*, we hear, has bought a forty acre farm in the Virginia mountains. * * * "I am an admirer of the Phoenician," writes *Walter D. McCaw* from the Office of the Surgeon General, War Department, Washington, "and all his works, so I was pained to see in the *Review* of November 7th, that he had misspelled, twice, the Greek name of *Sir Thomas Browne's* 'Urn Burial!' If this essay has been a favorite of his from youth up, why did he call it 'Hydrotaphia' and thus mutilate the title by literally knocking its 'eye' out? I saw the same error in the *London Mercury* a few months ago. Perhaps Phoenicians did not have to learn Greek." * * * Well, as a matter of fact, this Phoenician never *did* learn Greek, but he is sorry thus to have wronged Sir Thomas. It was an entirely unintentional affront to that great and gracious ghost! * * * Since *Heywood Broun* has been having it out in the *World* with *Gilbert Seldes* as to whether "*Bugs*" *Baer* is a humorous genius or not, we shall really have to read "The Family Album!" * * * *Bernard Shaw* has ordered a copy of "The Book of American Negro Spirituals." * * * *Louis Bromfield* and family are in Paris for the winter. * * * *Alf Kreymborg's* second and third lecture-recitals at Corona Mundi Hall, 311 Riverside Drive, will be given on December 8th and January 10th. The first "Troubadour Recital" was given on November 10th. * * * On December 8th Kreymborg will present "Plays with Puppets," and talk, on January 10th, on contemporary American writers. * * * The Stokes *Holiday Extra* about children's books is out again this season. It is a delightful miniature newspaper and an especially clever publicity stunt. * * * From Oregon comes the word that there is an Oregon book "well worth consideration for the Pulitzer prize for the best American novel of the year." This, they say, is *Anne Shannon Monroe's* "Behind the Ranges." We haven't read it, but evidently Portland is leal to Miss Monroe! * * * Now that one is said to be able to "clean up" in Florida in real estate, on a "shoestring," the Real Estate Series of books published by Macmillan may be of interest. * * * These books are brought out under the direction of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the United T. M. C. A. Schools, and the Institute for Research in Land Economics and Public Utilities. * * * They include *Fisher's* "Principles of Real Estate Practice," *Babcock's* "The Appraisal of Real Estate," and *Gifford's* "Real Estate Advertising." * * * *Flynn's Magazine*, issued weekly, is going to present to its readers a series of anecdotes in the vernacular which are *bona fide* crook slang. They are statements purporting to be from Cappy the Heel, Jake the Gyp, One Mitt Fogarty, Belle the Swell Booster, and so on. This is the kind of thing, almost hieroglyphic in its convolutions, that yet furnishes a certain fascination,—

Another raw stunt that is pulled off by th' dips an' divers is to throw th' harpoon into some dame in th' jam at th' door. Th' mark usually squawks an' th' gumshoes get wild—a swell booster ain't got much chance while all these squawks is goin' in th' main office and th' dicks are Billy Brighteyes more than ever.

* * * And how would you translate:

Of course, th' twister had me pinched, an' made an awful rat to th' beak. We made a little sasshay to th' front office. But say, I had a beaut of a swell mouth, an' a bunch of hush berries that would choke an elephant.

* * * Crook's English certainly deserves a volume to itself! * * * *Sinclair Lewis* is said to have gone to Bermuda because he couldn't bicycle comfortably in New York and found out that the velocipede was still the favorite vehicle with the Bermudans. He has just completed an eighty thousand word serial for *Collier's*, called "Mantrap." * * * "The Symposium" is in its sixth season. It is an association devoted to progressive movements in the arts, science, and philosophy. On December first at 8 p.m. *Christopher Ward* will start off its Series 1 of First Tuesdays with a talk on The Modern Novel. These Tuesday meetings and the Monday ones also are held at Trinity Court, Boston. Series tickets can be procured from *Helen A. Clarke*, 11 Queensberry Street, Boston. * * * *Aldous Huxley* is starting for a trip around the globe. * * * *Louis Tracy* has committed a new detective story, "The Black Cat." * * * *Grant Richards*, the English publisher, has now added to his former novels, "Caviare," "Valentine," "Bittersweet" and "Double Life," a new one, "Every Wife." His is a suave and sophisticated style. * * * *John Dos Passos's* "Manhattan Transfer" appears with two different jackets, both designed by the author. Which one is on your copy? * * * We have just dipped into the book but we know we are going to like it because it seems to us to be written to give the effect of consecutively changing patterns in a kaleidoscope. * * * *Robert Haven Schauffler* calls his anthology, "The Poetry Cure, A Pocket Medicine Chest of Verse." It is a very original selection. * * * *Wilfrid Gibson's* new volume of poems is "I Heard a Sailor." He always writes with distinction. * * * Boni and Liveright have brought out "The Works of *Eugene O'Neill*." * * * We see that Putnam's have bourgeoned with a brand new front to their 45th Street store. It certainly looks *de luxe!* * * * We notice that even our esteemed contemporary, *The Saturday Review*, spelled the name of *Hugh Lofting's* "Doctor Dolittle" wrong the other day, in an ad. From much comment that has passed under our eyes, upon Hugh Lofting's work, we have grown accustomed to the misspelling. It is probably because "Doolittle" is a real name. * * * But of course Doctor *Dolittle* is a very different affair! * * * They usually deliver at least a large portion of the goods. * * * Well now, our voice being cracked from recent football rooting, we don't want to strain it any more calling your attention to gems of liter-a-chewer! * * * So, for the time being,—so glad to have seen you!

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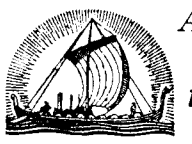

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

GOOD PRICES AT ANDERSON'S

THE library of the Rev. Isaac Doorman of this city, sold in a single session at the Anderson Galleries, November 9, containing 236 lots brought $16,195.75. The cataloguer declared that the collection contained "not one desirable item, and the greater part, by far, are books of high rarity, rendered important by intrinsic or association interest," which was literally true.

The star item, of course, was a beautiful [illegible] the first edition of Shakespeare's small 8vo, morocco by Charles [illegible]ndon, 1640, an unusually de[illegible]y, with the duplicate undated title page. Next came a superb copy of [illegible] "Faerie Queene," 2 vols., levant Reviere, London, 1590-96, the rst edition of both volumes, [illegible]d the high price of $1,375. A fine copy of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," square 8vo, levant morocco by Reviere, Oxford, 1621, the very rare first edition with the leaf of errata, from the Louis I. Haber collection, brought $500. A first edition of Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," 12mo, levant morocco by Reviere, in a slip case, London, 1866, a beautiful copy of the first edition with two of the original drawings of Tenniel, one being the frontispiece and the other the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle, sold for $510. Many other good prices were realized.

A few representative lots and the prices which they brought were the following:

Augustine (St.). "De Civitate Dei," folio, modern boards, scored calf back, Venice, 1475. A magnificent copy of one of the immortal books, $375.

Bacon (Sir Francis). "Instauratio magna," folio, levant morocco by Reviere, Londini, 1620. Large paper copy of the first edition, which is of great rarity. $170.

Browne (Sir Thomas). "Religio Medici," small 8vo, half calf, London, 1643. Rare first authorized edition. $115.

Browning (Elizabeth Barrett). "Prometheus Bound," 12mo, boards, London, 1833. First Edition. $82.50.

Byron (Lord). A. L. S. 2 pp., 4to, Pisa, August 28th, 1822. A most characteristic Byron letter. $270.

Coleridge (S. T.). "The Statesman's Manual," 8 vo, original wrappers, in case, London, 1816. Presentation copy of the first edition inscribed "W. Wadsworth, Esqre, from the Author," $400.

Fitzgerald (Edward). Dante's "La Divina Commedia," 3 vols., 16mo, half vellum, Bassano, 1815. Fitzgerald's copy with his autograph in two volumes. $135.

Hawthorne (Nathaniel). Peter Parley's "Universal History," 2 vols., square 12mo, morocco, Boston, 1837. First edition. $100.

Lamb (Charles). "Elia," and "Last Essays of Elia," 2 vols., 12mo, levant by Reviere, London, 1923-33. First editions. $245.

Lamb (Charles and Mary). "Tales from Shakespeare," 2 vols., 12mo, levant by Zachnsdorf, London, 1907. First issue of the first edition. $250.

Manuscript. Thomas a'Kempis's "Imitatione Christi," written on vellum, small 4to, a manuscript of Flemish origin, executed in the fifteenth century. $340.

Milton (John). "Paradise Lost," small 4to, morocco, London, 1667. First edition with the second title page. $370.

Rossetti (Dante G.). "The Germ," 4 numbers, 8vo, original wrappers, in case, London, 1850. First edition. $160.

Thackeray (W. M.) "Vanity Fair," 8vo, morocco, London, 1848. First edition bound up from the earliest issues. $170.

Wilde (Oscar). "An Ideal Husband," 4to, pink cloth, London, 1899. First edition, presentation copy from the author. $[illegible].

AT THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES

SELECTIONS from the Charles F. Gunther collection, consigned by order of the Chicago Historical Society, comprising oriental and European manuscripts, autographic manuscripts of great composers, autograph letters and manuscripts of British and Continental writers, Shakespeareana, and association books, were sold at the American Art Galleries, November [illegible]2. A few of the more interesting and valuable lots and the prices realized were the following: "The Gospels," manuscript written in uncial Armenian characters on glazed paper, 4to, contemporary leather over wood, $170; original manuscript of "A Ballad" thirty lines, by Robert Burns, unpublished verses by the great Scottish poet, $1,000; "The Book of Ecclesiastes," written in Hebrew, a curious and interesting scroll manuscript, $105; "Lamentations of Jeremiah," written in Hebrew on a roll of leather, $100; illuminated manuscript on vellum, written in Gothic characters, beauifully executed, early fifteenth century, $170; John Milton's copy of Frischlin's "Operum Poeticorum . . . Comoediae Septem . . . Tragoediae Dvae," 16mo, stamped calf Argentorati, 1595, in box case of oaken boards made from some of the timber taken from Milton's house in Barbican, when it was taken down in 1865, $310; manuscript of an "Aria" by Handel 21 pages, folio, a portion of a requiem service, $950; musical manuscript, "Trio, for the Pianoforte, Clarinet, and Flute; or Violin and Tenor," by Mozart, 15 pages oblong, 4to, $570; the Fourth Folio of Shakespeare, 1685, $585; and John Hooper's "A Funeral Oration," 16mo, blue wrappers, London, 1549, original inscription in ink purporting to be in Shakespeare's autograph but written by Ireland the famous forger, $250.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

ALREADY "The Diaries of George Washington," edited by John C. Fitzpatrick and published by Houghton Mifflin Company, have gone into their third printing.

It is reported that the fifth copy of the first edition of Poe's "Tamerlane and Other Poems," 1827, recently discovered by a Boston bookseller, was sold for upward of $15,000.

The second series of Henry Danielson's "Biographies of Modern Authors," will be issued in this country by the *Publishers' Weekly*. Like the first series in 1921, the edition is limited.

The Centaur Press of Philadelphia announces for immediate publication "Reflection on the Death of a Porcupine and other Essays," by D. H. Lawrence. The edition consists of 925 numbered copies, printed from type. The book contains 250 pages, and is bound in brilliant French boards.

A bronze tablet was recently unveiled in memory of the late Robert G. Ingersoll, famous as a lawyer, orator and author, on the site of his former home now occupied by a new hotel known as "52 Gramercy Park North." The tablet reads: "On this site was the home of Robert G. Ingersoll. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Born 1833; died 1899."

A rare book recently given to Yale University is the Hoe copy of the first issue of the first edition of Jeremy Taylor's "Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying," printed in London in 1865. The donor was a member of the class of '91, member of the alumni advisory committee. Jeremy Taylor was Bishop of Down and Connor, 1661—67, and his books were reprinted in many editions, that of "Holy Dying" being in its twenty-first edition in 1710. The copy which passes to Yale for safe keeping is a beautifully clean and perfect volume.

A complete manuscript of the "Greville Memoirs" has been purchased in England and brought to this country by Gabriel Wells, the rare book dealer, who announces that the work will be published in an unexpurgated form by an American publisher. The original manuscript of the "Memoirs" is in the British Museum under seal. The copy obtained by Mr. Wells was made under the supervision of Reeve for the press and contains the passages which he omitted. On his death in 1865, Greville left his memoirs to his friend, Henry Reeve, long connected with the London *Times* with the injunction to have them published at a date not too distant from his death. Reeve waited ten years and then published the diaries relating to the reigns of George IV and William IV. At later dates the diaries relating to Queen Victoria were published. Reeve omitted several hundred passages relating to Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington, Gladstone, Palmerston, and other famous men and women of the day.

Mlle. Cécile Sorel, the well-known actress of the Comédie Française, has written a little book about her predecessor at the French National Theatre, Adrienne Lecouvreur. It appears in the series known as "Leurs Amours" (Flammarion), and deals with the life of the renowned eighteenth-century tragic actress from the amorous standpoint. [illegible] her charm and culture, her gene[illegible] noble nature, and her unfort[illegible] trigues, ending with her fatal d[illegible] Maurice de Saxe which resulte[illegible] death by poison through the [illegible] of her rival, the Duchesse de Bo[illegible] described in an easy style whose piquancy is enhanced by Mlle. Sorel's personal views.

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